The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXVIII. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1895. NO. 42

BURNED TO DEATH

A CHILD POURS OIL ON THE FIRE.

The Mother Has Her Clothes Burned Off in Her Efforts to Extinguish the Flames.—Her Condition Critical.

On Monday forenoon a distressing accident occurred at Rebersburg, in which the only child of Wallace Bierly was so badly burned that death resulted, and the mother received such injuries while trying to extinguish the flames that she now lies in a critical condition.

Between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, the little girl of Mr. Bierly, aged about two years, wandered into her great-grandmother's room, which was on the first floor. The little girl had been left alone in the house for a few minutes, Mrs. Bierly attending to some duties outside. A filled coal oil can was standing near the coal stove, and it is supposed the little one took the can and poured the oil on the hot coals. An explosion followed, covering the child from head to foot with burning oil.

The screams of the child brought the mother from the yard into the room. The child was a mass of flames and in the efforts to extinguish them the flames were communicated to the clothing of Mrs. Bierly. In a moment her dress was on fire, and her screams alarmed the neighbors who rushed to the scene. The first to arrive were Henry Brungart and Geo. Krumrine. They found the mother and child on the porch with the clothing almost burned off them. George Krumrine took off his coat and threw it over Mrs. Bierly and by that time other neighbors arrived and the flames were smothered, with blankets and rugs.

The clothes were completely burned off the child and she lay on the porch a charred and sickening sight, with life still in the blackened body. Mrs. Bierly had a few shreds of clothing upon her body but the flames had come in contact with her person from her head to her feet.

Medical attendance was quickly given the injured. The little girl lingered in terrible agony until in the afternoon when death ensued.

The physician in attendance has little hopes for the recovery of Mrs. Bierly. Her injuries are of such a nature that recovery is scarcely possible. She suffers terribly, and her body and limbs are a mass of blisters and chars.

The funeral of the little girl was held yesterday morning. Mrs. Wallace Bierly is a daughter of William Hafley, of Aaronsburg.

Too Small for Heads.

Shook's cider mill still keeps chawing up apples and squeezing out cider.

Election, Nov. 5—vote the Democratic ticket.

Corn husking is nearly over.

Accidents always did happen and always will, as one sees by reading the "Reporter."

Tuesday night's prospects for rain had vanished by Wednesday morning.

Farmers can't complain of not having had favorable weather for getting in their corn.

All are on tip-toe to learn how much George Durst's big porkers will weigh when he kills 'em.

William Sholl, our worthy townsman, will go to farming again next spring, on Simon Harper's farm, one mile east of this place.

When the wild geese southward fly, you bet, winter is nigh.

No Hazing for Him.

It is reported that one of the State College students wouldn't be hazed, pointing a pistol at the fellows who intended doing the job. That was right. Hazing has meant in too many instances either death, crippling or life-long ill-health for its victims, and if anybody is to be hurt hereafter by the practice, we are heartily in favor of it being those who are responsible for it.

Traffic Too Much for Cars.

The Pennsylvania company has 41,971 cars of its own and 40,644 belonging to individuals and companies doing business over its lines, and, had the company as many more, often could not meet the requirements for cars. Today they are many thousand cars short of filling daily orders, and are obliged to select the shippers who should be first favored.

We know whereof we affirm when we state that Ayer's Pills, taken promptly, at the first symptoms of colds and fevers, arrest further progress of these disorders, and speedily restore the stomach, liver, and bowels, to their normal and regular action.

"Abraham Miller, deserter."—Bates' History.

BURGLARS DO BELLEFONTE.

Three Houses Entered—Money only Stolen—No Clues.

About a dozen burglaries were committed at Bellefonte within the last few weeks. On Saturday night three houses were entered while the inmates were in blissful slumber; these were the residences of Albert Mingle, W. H. Wilkinson and Hamilton Otto.

At Albert Mingle's when they got up Sunday morning they found his coat and pants gone from the bedroom and rifled down stairs in the kitchen of $21. The thieves had entered by prying open a front window. Sideboards and closets were rumaged, but no other money found, the silverware was left undisturbed the burglers being after money only. They worked so quietly as not to awaken the sleepers.

At Col. Wilkinsons they ransacked the lower apartments but found no money; a large piano lamp was upset and broken, the noise of which partly awakened one of the daughters, but hearing no further noise she fell asleep again. In the morning the family found things badly mixed down stairs but nothing missing.

At Otto's nothing was stolen but a small lot of change.

We are inclined to think this is the same set that robbed some Centre Hall houses a few weeks ago.

Water Famine Notes.

Elk and Pine creeks are dry in some parts and where there is water it is lower than ever. Penns creek never before was as low as now.

Cedar run up in Harris township is pretty nearly holding its own, and the Bellefonte spring has not yet fallen to any extent.

From all sections of the land, out as far as the Rockey mountains, streams are drying up and water is scarce.

Altoona is still having water hauled in oil tanks from Hollidaysburg.

The Pennsylvania railroad company is hauling water from Conemaugh to Gallitzin.

Bedford has cases of typhoid and scarlet fever caused by bad water.

The oldest inhabitant's recollection can't cover a drought season like this in the central part of the state.

Because of low water not one tow of coal has left Pittsburg for more than six months the longest time on record.

Death of Mrs. Fiedler.

On Monday morning grandmother Fiedler died at the home of her son Henry, near Madisonburg. She was the oldest person in the community, being 87 years old. She was a faithful member of the Evangelical church. Deceased had been ailing for several weeks, with dropsy, and other diseases. Mrs. J. P. Gephart, of Zion, is the only daughter. She was the grandmother of James A. Fiedler, formerly editor of the *Gazette*. The funeral occurred on Wednesday morning.

Rabbits Plentiful.

The rabbit season will open November 1 and will continue until January 1. Hunters who have been looking about the country say that rabbits are anusually plentiful this year and they are, therefore, looking for a successful season. The clear weather has been very favorable for the young cotton tails, and they are now almost fully grown.

For the Ladies.

Have you seen the nice hats and bonnets at Mrs. Boob's Millinery store? If not, come and see them; lowest prices to all. All the ladies are invited to come and see them. Saxony, Germantown, Zephyr, and all kind of yarns; will be sold cheap to close them out.

OUR farmers know the satisfaction there is in having a prothonotary who speaks German, as they always have business to transact there, and Wm. Smith speaks German and English. Abe Miller, on the other hand, can't speak German, and, besides is a poor English scholar.

Smith is the man you want to vote for.

THERE should be no stay-at-home voters this year. Every man should go to the polls, after first having carefully considered the present situation of public affairs. He will find it well worthy of study, and if he is a just and patriotic citizen he will vote for the straight Democratic ticket and thus aid in abolishing the corrupt practices of the party now in power.

NEW and useless offices, raised salaries, a new and useless court, Standard Oil Company robbery and monopoly legislation, appropriating the public funds for the benefit of party pets, these are some of the crying iniquities of last winter's legislature that should drive every honest voter into the Democratic ranks and vote the Democratic ticket on Tuesday, Nov. 5.

OLD MAN MISSING.

THE COUNTRY AND MOUNTAINS SEARCHED.

Henry Fry Missing from his Home Near Potters Mills Since Tuesday of last Week.—No Trace Discovered.

Henry Fry, an old citizen of near Potters Mills, a tinner by trade, disappeared from his home, on Tuesday, at noon, and as nothing was heard of his whereabouts up to last Saturday afternoon, grave fears were felt by his wife and neighbors that the old man may have committed a rash act with himself, he having been somewhat unbalanced mentally of late years.

Soon after his disappearance on day aforesaid, he took some papers and a small sum of money from his chest and laid them upon a shelf where his wife would be sure to find them, and it was also found that his gun was missing, altho he had not taken his gun, to go hunting, for many years—this created suspicion that he might have committed suicide in some out-of the way place. Our informant, Samuel M'Clintic, said the citizens of that vicinity had resolved to turn out on Sunday last to search the mountains and other parts for the missing man.

On Sunday some 35 persons from the vicinity of Potter's bank spent the day searching for Mr. Fry. The mountain section which the missing man was in the habit of visiting on his hunting trips, was scoured as closely as possible, but the searchers returned at the close of the day without being able to report any trace of him; other parts outside of the mountains were gone over with no better results. At different times since Sunday smaller parties have be on the search, but got no trace to unravel the mystery. The last time he was seen was near Allison's factory and this led to suspicion he might have drowned himself in the factory dam, but this was dispelled by the low stage of the water enabling his body to be readily found, and a suggested letting off of the dam was deemed useless.

Up to Tuesday evening last, a week since the old man disappeared, there was no clue as to his whereabouts. In the extensive mountain territory with its gullies, hollows and thickets, if dead, his body might never be discovered.

Centre Hall's Water Supply.

The springs which supply this town with pure mountain water, are lower than ever known to be, but owing to the vigilance of the water managers in gathering every possible supply and endeavoring to prevent wastage from many hydrants which has caused trouble and inconvenience, our people have had enough of pure and fresh water for all proper uses; seeming failures of the supply have thus far been caused by carelessness, and in some instances by purposely allowing water to run to waste. By careful usage of water none will suffer just yet, and it is to be hoped our citizens will bear this in mind and not cause inconvenience to those who are not careless.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only fifty cents at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Has Had Good Luck.

Charley Arney, our noted nimrod has killed more game than any one else hereabouts. Since the season opened he has helped kill about forty-five squirrels, about two-thirds of which he says he brought down himself. They are plenty, and good and fat.

Change in Firm.

The interests of Miller Goodhart in the firm of Dauberman & Goodhart, furniture and undertaking, have been purchased by John Dauberman. Miller has retired and is now in the job printing business.

New Porch.

Ex-sheriff Spangler has improved his residence by the addition of a fine new porch where he can take his ease this winter while the rest of folks are sleighriding and hauling ice.

THE office of prothonotary is an important one. Wm. F. Smith has been faithful and efficient, hence it would be a serious blunder to elect Abe Miller who does not possess the needed qualifications.

PASS THROUGH CENTRE HALL.

Off With a Livery Rig.—Would Like to See Him at Lewistown.

A man giving his name as C. Burbank and claiming New York city as his residence, registered a few days ago at the National hotel, Lewistown, saying he was expecting to meet some men concerning legal matters. He remained until Wednesday, when he gave landlord Clover his individual check for $50. He then hired a double team from liveryman W. H. Felix to go to McClure, Snyder county, to meet his men. Since then nothing has been heard of man or team and Mr. Felix is hunting for him. Mr. Clover would also like to see him as he left a board bill unpaid. To make things better Saturday the check for $50 came back with the endorsement that it was no good. He is a sleek fellow and others had better watch for him. He drove from there to Bellefonte, where he registered as Dr. S. G. Hendron, Lewistown. He is described as being a man of about five feet eight inches high, weighing 160 pounds with bushy hair and closely trimmed English beard and mustache, probably about 30 years of age, and wore a light pair of trousers, white vest, black coat and black slouch hat.

The parties were tracked to Bellefonte, left there, came to Centre Hall, and from here went to Brush valley.

SOMETHING FOR THE FARMER.

This year $95,000 will be expended on the State Department of agriculture. It will be for the farmer to judge whether he is getting such an enormous draught on the public funds. He will certainly acknowledge that his taxes are no lighter. What does he say to a salary of $7000 for the Secretary and $6000 for the Deputy Secretary? The economic zoologist is certainly a very expensive official at $5000 a year. The Commissioner of Forestry, the Dairy and Food Commissioner, and the State Veterinarian don't have to worry themselves about crops and rain and blight and interest and mortgage on farms, with $5000 salary each a year. The chief clerkship is an enviable job at $3200, while the clerks to the economic zoologist and the Commissioner of Forestry live high at $3000 each a year.

Officials of the Agricultural Department travel in state and luxury at a cost of $10,000 a year, while the expenses of the Dairy and Food Commissioners are expected to foot up $25,000. There is a stenographer in this department and he gets $1600 a year, while the messenger worries along at $1,200 a year.

Of all this big expenditure, the farmer only catches a glimpse of the result of the appropriation of $15,000 a year for farmers' institutes. Farmers are you going to continue to help keep such an expensive political party in power?

Will Put in Engines

The streams in this county being lower than ever before known, water mills can not be run on full time, consequently some of the mills will be furnished with engines to be used in emergencies. Among those having this in contemplation are E. H. Auman in Joseph Moyer's mill at Centre Mills; Mr. Hockman at the brick mill, Millheim, and Ed. Meyer, at Linden Hall.

Baywindows Come Down.

Judge Brubaker, of Lancaster, decides that bay windows bulging out on second floor fronts of residences are illegal and must come down. This decision is of far reaching consequence, as there is scarcely a city or town anywhere that doesn't have some of those upper story bay windows.

Had Been Ill.

Major Robert H. Forster, of the internal affairs department, who has been seriously ill for several days, is gradually growing stronger. The Major was formerly a citizen of this county and served in the Mexican war and the war of the rebellion.

Sale of Farm Stock, &c.

On Nov. 7, at 9 a. m., at the residence of Philip Auman, on the Brockerhoff farm, about 2½ miles east of Centre Hall, Samuel Harter will offer at public sale live stock, farm implements and other personal property. The entire stock is a large one.

Married this Evening.

This Thursday evening, Miss Ada Kreamer and Mr. Harry Chester Brown will be married in St. Peter's Reformed church, at Rebersburg. The couple will make Calchester, Ill., their future home.

Good Home at Private Sale.

A good home is offered at private sale, situated three miles west of Centre Hall. Good dwelling house and outbuildings. Inquire of

oct10-4t A. W. GARVER.

NEWS AT CAPITOL

PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET GO TO ATLANTA.

The Presidential Party to Take in the Exposition in Georgia.—The British Greed in Venezuela.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—On to Atlanta! The distinguished party, including the President, his entire cabinet and most of the ladies of the cabinet families, which left here tonight on a special train for Atlanta, carried no banners, brass bands or other implements of war, but their arrival will be hailed with much more delight by the citizens of Georgia's metropolis than was another party which visited the same city something like thilty-one years ago, amid the roar of cannons, the rattling of drums, the blare of trumpets and waving of flags. Mrs. Cleveland did not go. She was too good a mother to leave the baby, and it was deemed injudicious for so young a miss to make such a long railroad journey. Secretary Olney had a long conference today with the wife of Ex-Consul Waller, who was sentenced to twenty years in prison by a French Court-martial for his alleged interference with French military operations in Madagascar.

Mrs. Waller, who only reached Washington this morning, from Madagascar, via France, told the Secretary the whole story from her side. After the interview she expressed herself as being perfectly satisfied that the administration was doing, and would continue to do everything that it could properly do for the relief of her husband.

It is really amusing to hear the fears expressed by some of the Republican Senators, that they will be compelled when Congress meets to reorganize the Senate and take charge of the committees, thus becoming responsible for legislation without the majority to pass it. Pray, who is going to compel them to assume such responsibility? Surely not the Democrats, who are probably willing, although not anxious, to allow things to remain as they are; nor the Populists, unless they can make a deal for their own benefit. If there is any compelling it will be done by Republicans.

In order to keep the fine gun-making plant at the Washington Navy Yard in operation, it has been decided to make the three-inch field guns which are needed for the Navy there. About one hundred of these guns will be made. The Navy department had authority to have them made by contract, but when the bids were received it was found that they could be made by the government just as cheap or cheaper, and the keeping together of the skilled force of mechanics which are employed in the Government Gun shop turned the scales in favor of having the work done there.

While I do not know that Senator Sherman has chosen this time for the publication of his recollections during forty years in office with the special idea of injuring one Benj. Harrison, there are reasons that squint that way. For instance, Mr. Sherman charges in his book, without any ifs, ands, or buts, that Mr. Harrison's nomination for the Presidency in 1888 was brought about by a corrupt bargain with one man who controlled the New York delegation. Although no names are used, it is perfectly plain that Mr. Sherman refers to the promise made by Steve Elkins, now a member of the Senate from West Virginia, on behalf of Mr. Harrison, to Boss Tom Platt, who was the man in control of the New York delegation, that if Harrison was nominated and elected, he (Platt) should be Secretary of the Treasury. The breaking of that promise made Platt the bitter enemy of Harrison that he has been ever since. Mr. Sherman also has a fling at all the prominent Republicans, and he leaves the impression that with the exception of Hayes—who made Sherman Secretary of the Treasury and allowed his whole administration to be used to push his Presidential boom—they were a bad and tricky lot, an impression, barring the exception, doubtless shared by lots of people.

It is the impression among diplomats and officials in Washington that Great Britain is making an attempt to bluff the Venezuelan government out of its boots, in ordering that fortifications be erected upon the disputed territory, lying between Venzuela and British Guiana, and that it was to gain time to see the effect of the bluff, and not make a European combination against the Monroe doctrine, as has been sensationally reported, that the British government requested further time to consider Secretary Olney's last communication, which states the position of the United States as to the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine. John Bull is a wise old chap in spite of his occasional bluster. He would much rather accomplish his purpose by scaring Venzuela than by trying the dangerous experiment of ignoring the Monroe doctrine. If the Venzuelans only display a little backbone now that boundary line dispute will be submitted to arbitration, in accordance with the original suggestions of President Cleveland.

Who Owns the Sidewalk.

Judge Clayton, of Delaware county, in recently charging a jury in a case in which the rights of a sidewalk were the bone of contention, laid down the law in reference to pavements in such a manner as to clear up some of the points as to which there has been much apprehension. He said: "The owner of real estate also owns the sidewalk in front of his property, subject to the rights of pedestrians to use it for traveling back and forward, but outside of this he owns the sidewalk as much as any other part of his property. It cannot be used for roller skating or a play ground for children or other purposes without his consent. If it is, he should first order them to leave, and if they refuse he may lay hands gently upon them, and if they resist, he may use as much force as necessary to remove them, but no more."

STATE NEWS.

A tragic scene took place at the home of Henry Diamond in Hollidaysburg on Wednesday of last week. As the funeral of Miss Maggie Diamond was leaving the house, the mother dropped dead beside her daughter's coffin. Heart trouble is supposed to have been the cause.

Joseph Culp, of Milton, was held up and robbed by three tramps on the outskirts of Lewisburg recently. He surrendered his watch and some money at the point of a revolver and was then relieved of his hat, coat and vest. The tramps boarded a passing freight train and escaped.

School Report.

Report of the Plum Grove school, in Potter township, for the month ending Oct. 18, 1895: Number of pupils enrolled, male, 9, female 17, total 26; per cent. of attendance, male 99, female 98, total 99; pupils who were present every day, Messrs. Bruce Crotzer, Cleve Weaver, Harry Durst, Geo. Sharer and Maurice Breon; Misses Anna Durst, Edna Crotzer, Bessie Breon, Lena Poorman, Estie Snyder, Mary Durst, Mabel Crotzer, Mary Weaver, and Clair Durst; number of visitors four, among whom was Supt. Gramley. D. K. KELLER, Teacher.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. C. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store without it." Get a free trial bottle at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

Forest Fires in Mifflin County.

Parties in the woods after nuts on Monday started fires among the dry leaves on Shade mountain, two miles from Lewistown, and it spread like a flash, and is burning over a district covering the mountain for more than a mile. All the burned district is heavily set with trees and a great deal of valuable timber has been burned.

EVERY day brings new and more sensational and startling details of the corruption and fraud of the city government of Pittsburg. The City Attorney and his assistant have now been arrested on criminal charges of official misconduct in appropriating an enormous sum that should have found its way into the City Treasury, and more arrests are likely to follow, with a consequent increase in disclosures in corruption and dishonesty on the part of men who enjoyed the emoluments of office by reason of the preference of the Republican party. It is certainly time for the people of the state to take warning by the recent disclosures of Republican official corruption, and they have the opportunity this year of placing their disapproval on frauds in public office by voting for the Democratic state and county tickets.

IT is a duty you owe the Commonwealth as a citizen and a true man to go to the polls on the 5th of November and assert yourself for honest government. Let no excuse keep you away from the polls, and let no petty party boss persuade you that Quay and misrule can give to the people of Pennsylvania a respectable and honest administration of its affairs.

"Abraham Miller, deserter."—Bates' History.

BIG SHIPS BORN THERE

GREAT SIGHTS AT CRAMPS' YARDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Largest Derrick in the World. Four-Day Steamers Declared Impossible. Electricity on the Ocean.

The first impression of the visitor at Cramps' shipyards in Philadelphia is likely to be one of simple bewilderment. Workmen in apparently countless numbers are everywhere busy at all sorts of strange and noisy occupations. Some are pounding away like mad, in squads, with small hammers, upon great plates of cold iron and steel; others are using powerful steam hammers upon comparatively small bits of white-hot metal. Here and there, moving in different directions, are "teams" of six or eight men, carting metal bars and sheets on iron trucks, and if the observer does not look sharp while watching this man-power transportation, he will find himself in the way of a locomotive crane, bustling noisily about on a winding track, picking up tons of metal in one part of the yards and depositing the load in some other location a few minutes later, as easily as a boy might handle a stick of stovewood.

Looming high in the air are to be seen the massive hulls of numbers of vessels—battle ships, merchantmen, pleasure yachts—as yet unlaunched and in various stages of construction, which fairly swarm inside, outside, above and below, with striving workmen. Sitting low in the water, between broad, long piers, are one or two fighting boats, which by and by will take their places in the list of American naval triumphs.

After a while, details of the place begin to unfold themselves to the stranger. He sees that despite the apparent chaos, there is really order everywhere. There is no aimless running to and fro, there is no confusion. Over there is the boiler shop; near it the blacksmith shop, the pattern shop, the machine shop, and so on.

It is in these shops that many of the yard's mechanical wonders are to be seen, but whoever is asked concerning the most interesting machines is sure to direct the visitor to "Atlas," the great floating derrick.

"This machine," says Mr. Buell, of the executive staff, "cost more money than all the capital invested in the Cramp yards forty years ago. It is the largest in the world, and it can handle 125 tons, the equivalent of two good sized locomotives. With the maximum weight at the end of the arm, the displacement of the 'Atlas' is 1,563 tons, or as much as a fair-sized coasting steamer. The height of the mast is 116 feet 7 1-2 inches. The 'net hoist' is 50 feet 4 inches, and the swing of the boom is 36 feet, all of which is needed in shipping the boilers of such battleships as the Iowa, with a beam of 72 feet. The 'Atlas' took an 80 ton boiler for the Minneapolis from the wharf, transported it 100 feet, and put it exactly in place in just twenty-seven minutes. No single appliance in the yard saves as much labor or gives such satisfactory returns as this."

If there is any place in the United States where the prospects of American shipbuilding are carefully studied, it is at Cramps', but if there is any expectation there that the industry is about to boom no one will acknowledge it, nor will he admit the probability—hardly the possibility—of a practical four-day ship at Cramps'.

"Undoubtedly a ship able to cross the Atlantic in four days could be built," a recent inquirer from The Press was told, "but it would take such a vast amount of money for construction and operation that it would surely be a losing venture, since its cargo capacity would be almost nothing, owing to the great quantity of coal it would have to carry. It is doubtful whether the present marine engine and boiler can ever be improved so as to economize coal consumption sufficiently to greatly increase the practical speed of steamships over present standards.

"Electricity as power for ships? We see no way to utilize it. As used, electricity is not a power, only a method of transmission. We use it to operate some of our machines, but we make the power by steam and transmit it by wire instead of belts or shafts. A steam plant for the generation of electricity on shipboard would be as expensive, as heavy and as great a coal consumer as a modern marine engine, and in addition, there would have to be electric motors to turn the screws. Ocean trolley lines are out of the question, and there would be insuperable objections to the storage battery, even if it had been brought to a reasonable degree of perfection, which it has not."

Regarding the probable influence of the building of the Nicaragua Canal and the new "canal era" generally on American ship building, it is said that little is expected from that direction at Cramps'.

"Ship building and ship owning will never become dominant interests in America," it was said further, "until more money can be made out of such ventures than manufacturing and general improvement. The United States will hardly enter the list seriously as a world's carrier until its territory is so crowded that it must seek outlets for its products and employment for its capital other than self development. That will not be in my day nor in yours. When it does come, there will be a tremendous contest of some kind between John Bull and Uncle Sam, for Great Britain could not exist without its shipping, and the fittest will survive."

WOOD MADE FIREPROOF.

Successful Test With a Fire-Resisting Compound.

A successful test was made recently in New York of a new electric fireproof compound which injected into wood it is claimed renders it fire-resisting, and which has recently been adopted by order of the Secretary of the Navy in the construction of the war vessels of this government.

The object of the experiments was to determined the value of the compound when applied to building work. The test was witnessed by Superintendent Stevenson Constable, of the New York Department of Buildings, who at its conclusion expressed himself guardedly as surprised at the ability of the materials so treated to resist a tremendous heat.

The test was conducted under the supervision of Howard Constable, brother of the Building Superintendent. Mr. Constable has caused to be erected in the open lot bounded by Broadway, Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth streets two model wooden stairways, enclosed and winding in their course like those of the ordinary tenement. These stairways were built so that their wooden frames or houses were in close juxtaposition. The frames were ten feet high, by six broad and about six feet in depth.

The stairways were in all particulars exactly similar, each having strings, treads, risers, lathing underneath, wainscot, balusters and rail. Each frame was provided with a door, attached to the side with heavy iron hinges. The stairs were covered with matting, and the handsome ash balasters were highly polished.

The only difference between the stairways was that one was treated with the electric fire resisting compound, while the other was not. The test consisted in building fires under each, in much the same way as the recently detected "firebugs" proceeded. The same quantity of shavings and kindling wood was placed under both stairways, and then the structure was saturated with kerosene oil.

The untreated building blazed up in a minute into a solid column of flame. The wind, sitting as it did from the west, blew this flame over upon the adjoining structure which had been treated with the new compound. The bonfire under the stairway of the latter blazed away cheerfully, but the wood did not ignite. In fifteen minutes the untreated was a mass of live coal, while the other was simply carbonized under the fierce heat to which it had been subjected in the close contact with the roaring furnace at its side.

The Secretary of the Navy, upon the recommendation of the Board of Naval Engineers and Constructors of the United States, ordered that all vessels built for the government in future should be constructed as to the wood used of materials which had been treated with this fireproof compound. Existing war vessels are to be remodelled, so as to conform to this regulation.

COUNTRY OF CAVES.

Another Mammoth One Found Near Brookhaven, Ky.

Mr. Hugo Sultan, of New York, who is an enthusiastic naturalist, was in Cincinnati a few days ago en route home from Kentucky, says the Cincinnati Times.

During this trip, he, in company with Professor Gordon Curry, dean of the College of Pharmacy, of Louisville, and a botanist of considerable note, spent a day in the neighborhood of Rockhaven, a Kentucky village about thirty miles from Louisville, on the Louisville, St. Louis and Toledo railroad, in search of rare insects and plants. While on this search, near Rockhaven, climbing hills and crossing dales, they discovered what proved to be the mouth of a cave heretofore unknown, and which is reached only after a hard climb by a steep hillside. The mouth is in the side of the hill and is so small that to enter it is necessary to crawl, but the opening soon grows larger, until finally it is a dome. The cave is over three miles long, and is filled with stalactites and stalagmites.

Mr. Sultan is very enthusiastic over the discovery. He said: "The cave is one of the prettiest I have ever seen in my life. It is fully three miles long, as near as I can judge, and we found many beautiful stalactites and stalagmites in all processes of formation. Prof. Curry found lakes of the calcareous matter from which they are formed, and some of the half formed stalactites were as beautiful as any I ever saw in my life. About half way in the cave, or a mile and a half from the mouth, he found an underground river, which wound across the rooms in a zigzag course.

"The water was as clear as crystal, and very cold, being of a temperature of about 40 degrees, or near the freezing point. We were greatly surprised to find that it was as cold as ice water, while the temperature of the cave was as warm as 60 degrees. In some places the water was four or five feet deep, while in other places it widened out into little pools. We waded the stream and went to the end of the cave, or as far as we could see that it extended.

"It was after we had crossed the river that I found that which interested me even more than the discovery and exploration of the cave. This find consisted of some very rare insects of the beetle species, whose technical name is Anopthamus tenuis. I have never seen any of their kind anywhere else. They have no eyes, and nature seems to have made no provisions in them for those organs. They are a small insect and nest in the crevices between the rocks of the chambers. The only way in which I could get them from these crevices was by dashing water against the walls of the cave.

An Artic Mirage.

Richard Willoughby, the discover of the so called "Silent City," in Alaska, has arrived in San Francisco. Ninety miles north of Juneau is a glacier, with a face 300 feet high. It was at this place that the professor thought he saw the mysterious white city of beautiful design. He was standing near the glacier when an undistinct figure in the water attracted his attention. He returned to the spot the next day, and there far below the water he saw the buildings of an ancient city. Several weeks later he returned with a companion, who took photographs of the alleged city.

INFLUENCE OF A SONG.

It Caused Artist J. G. Brown to Emigrate to America.

After thirteen months in Edinburgh he went to London. Every young man in the United Kingdom with a particularly brainy head, and a fine plucky confidence in his ability to hew out his fortunes, drifts to London, just as in America clever young fellows from all parts of the country come to New York.

There in the vast metropolis the young art student made designs for a manufacturer of stained glass windows and also painted portraits. He was getting away from the glass factory a little, and was taking a stronger hold on art. He was perfectly willing to paint a portrait for eight or ten dollars. He could finish two of them a week.

One night he heard Harry Russell sing some of his emigrant songs. Russell was a concert singer of those days, he had a sympathetic voice and sang popular songs. That settled it for young Brown. He would emigrate. He must "cross the wide blue sea." And he did. He arrived in New York on his twenty-second birthday, and he has been here ever since. As usual, when he made a change from one place to another, he at once sought for his art instruction in the new field. His three pound prize and his portrait painting at ten dollars a portrait had not yet enabled him to sink the artisan and be only an artist. So he got employment in a glass factory, and went to the night classes of the Academy of Design, then on the south-west corner of Broadway and Thirteenth street. Thomas S. Cummings had charge of these classes at that time.

So far young Brown's career had been very like that of the good young man in the story books. Now, in the story books, the good young man, as a rule, marries his employer's daughter. So that though this is aways a most beautiful and delightful thing, it does not seem thrillingly novel or original on the part of the hero. Still this is what J. G. Brown did some two years after he arrived in America. He married Miss Owens, the daughter of his employer. They went to live in Brooklyn, where Mr. Brown took a studio on Atlantic and Clinton streets. And after they had been one year married Mr. Owens died, and a year later came the panic of 1857, in which whatever property the Owens family had was lost. Mr. Brown is ever so much better able to endure these hard times to-day when he is sixty-three than he was then when he was twenty-six. But he went ahead with the grit that has always marked him, painting portraits, and about this time he began to paint children, pictures of little boys and girls, with a "story" in them. His fondness for this class of subject brought it about that after a while he was spoken of as "The Child-painter." He is still entitled to this appellation, though his "tough" little newsboys and bootblacks are all too bold and independent to be styled children. Most of them are little men.

The Army of Tramps.

There can be no doubt that the tramp is, in a certain sense, the maker and chooser of his own career. The writer's experience with these vagrants has convinced him that, though they are almost always the victims of liquor and laziness, fully four-fifths of America's voluntary beggars have begun their wild and restless ways while still in their teens, and have been furthered in their wrong tendencies by unwise treatment applied to them when young.

Year after year, even month after month, trampdom is increased by squads of youths who will soon take and hold the places of their elders, who will naturally drop away with the years. These boyish roadsters are proper subjects for State care and guardianship. And the fact that every tramp in the United States has spent some part of his youth in a reform school, or, worst of all, in jails, demonstrates that there is a failure somewhere in our system of correction and reformation, and makes it necessary and only fair that the sociologist as well as the reformer should know the tramp from boyhood to manhood. Superficial and unsympathetic studies of his character, with shallow theories about remedial measures, have so far failed signally in checking his malign influence upon society.

Automatic Bobbin Feeder.

An important invention, now making a place for itself in textile manufacturing, is a loom which feeds the bobbins into the shuttle automatically. As this hitherto has been one of the chief duties of the weaver, the new device promises to supplant a considerable amount of labor. Five persons can take care of eighty of these looms where now six looms are most commonly assigned to a single operator. They can be run an hour or two after everybody has left the factory at night and throughout the noon hour, when the operatives are at dinner. How important the invention is may be judged from the fact that, where tried, it is saving one-half the labor cost in weaving, and about one-fourth the whole labor cost of manufacturing.

New Uses for Electricity.

Electricity is now used to seal cans of fruits and preserved meats. A conductive layer is formed on the lid of the can and a metal coating deposited by the ordinary methods of electro-plating. The process is also being applied to the sealing of bottles of wine, beer or chemicals.

FOE TO RATTLESNAKES.

The Little Kingsnake Always Tackles the Venomous Serpent.

No matter what the size of the Arizona rattlesnake, a little, harmless two and a half or three foot kingsnake will tackle these monsters and vanquish them sooner or later. He not only seeks the king of venomous serpents, but also destroys all other poisonous kinds whenever he has an opportunity. For this reason people of that region, black or white, who have lived in the territory for any length of time, will never kill a kingsnake knowingly or willfully. Soldiers in camp always welcome his presence, for as they never do any harm themselves it is a sure thing that no poisonous snakes will ever venture in camp while kingsnakes are around. The extreme length of this serpent is seldom more than four and a half or five feet. His body is slender and lithe, evidently built especially for constricting; in color he is a bright pea green, mottled with white and black spots, and quicker even than the coachwhip.

A citizen of Tucson, of undoubted veracity, a year ago described to the writer a fight that he and his wife had witnessed between a kingsnake and a black water moccasin while camping on a stream of water over the line in Chihuahua, Mexico.

"I was sitting," said he, "on a fallen cypress which extended some distance into the water, catching perch for supper. I noticed a large water-moccasin sunning himself on a level bench of dry mud that formed a part of the bank near me. I watched him for half an hour, when suddenly I heard a slight rustling on shore and saw the moccasin start for the water at double quick, but he was too late. Like a green flash, a beautiful kingsnake about four feet long came darting through the grass and placed himself between the moccasin and the water. Then began one of the most singular and interesting contests I ever witnessed. The moccasin, finding his retreat cut off, instantly threw himself into a coil, and, with his head raised about a foot above his body and swaying to and fro, his eyes glittering with an angry fire and his forked tongue flashing back and forth, gathered all his energies for defence in the deadly conflict which he knew was bound to follow.

"His smaller and more active adversary eyed him for a moment and then began to run with great rapidity around him in a gradually narrowing circle, keeping his own head raised a few inches above the earth and apparently watching for an opening. The moccasin always turned slowly in his coil, so as to always face his assailant. Once or twice he led viciously at the latter's head, but recovered in time to prevent a 'counter.' This went on for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, when suddenly—and far too quickly to be followed by the eye—there was a flash of green and white in the air, and then a confused mass of writhing, twisting serpents rolling over and over on the ground, resembling the magic-lantern display of colored wheels.

"Presently the mass began to take definite shape, and then it was seen that the kingsnake had caught its big adversary by the left lower jaw and was holding on with bulldog grip, while he wrapped his own body around that of the moccasin like a cord around a pole. Then the squeezing process began, and soon the huge moccasin began to straighten out, while the folds of the kingsnake were drawn so closely as to almost bury themselves in his body. Finally the moccasin grew quiet except for a slight wriggling of the tail, and after lying still for some ten minutes or more the kingsnake, still holding his grip by the jaw, gradually unwound himself from the body of the other until they lay side by side on the ground.

"He waited in this position some minutes longer, apparently to assure himself that his opponent was really dead, and then let go his jaw hold, took one or two farewell trips around the body, and disappeared in the brush."

This experience is somewhat similar to one I had near Benson Springs two years ago. I was climbing a hill hunting for millipedes when suddenly I came upon a very big rattlesnake and a very small kingsnake engaged in a deadly combat. The fight had no doubt been in progress for some time, as both combatants were nearly used up, so to speak. I watched them with interest, saw the little green fellow had his favorite jaw grip, and that he was also slowly but surely squeezing the life out of the big Crotalus horridus. The latter's eyes were bulging from the terrific pressure, while his adversary seemed pretty well worn out in drawing his coils tighter and tighter. They were sunk into the rattler's body in great ridges, and were so reduced from the awful tension as to resemble a small coil of whipcord around a piece of large rope. When the rattler was dead the poor little kingsnake was so far gone as to be unable to uncoil himself. I performed this kind office for him, and after cutting nine rattles from the big one's tail I placed the conqueror in a small jar, and now have preserved him in alcohol for all time to come, in honor of his great and glorious victory.

Wildcat Whipped By Tabbies.

A wildcat was killed in Farmer Ephraim Staynor's barn, at Wheeler's Farms, Conn., one night recently, in rather a remarkable way. Mr. Staynor has a family of nine pure Maltese cats, of which he has always been very proud. People from all over this region have heard of their rat killing accomplishments, and tried to buy some of the kittens, but he would never part with one. They are of an unusually short legged, heavily built breed, and though not large, are extremely strong. They seem to fear nothing, and two or three good sized prowling dogs have been killed by them within the last year, and a farm hand who kicked one was set upon by the whole family of cats and barely escaped total blindness, receiving very severe injuries about the face and arms. Rats, mice, weasels, and skunks have been practically extinct within the limits of the Staynor farm since the arrival of these fierce pussies.

They live in the barn, granary and stables, and never come into the house. The hired man, Patrick Nolan, hearing a fearful disturbance in the cowstable about twilight, ran in, pitchfork in hand, to see what was the matter. He merely took one look around the stable door, and seeing a big wildcat crouched in the furthest corner ready for a spring, he slammed the door and ran to the house. Mr. Staynor's wife and son Ben were the only ones at home, and the latter got his revolver and proceeded to the stable. There he found the savage lynx engaged in mortal combat with the whole tribe of Maltese. The snarls, spittings, hissings and growls were frightful, he says, and when the wild cat saw him she attempted to leap for the door. He closed it all but an inch, thrust his revolver through the opening and waited for a chance to shoot. When he got it he hit only one ear of the beast, but that was fatal, for when the great cat raised her head a moment to see whence the blow came, Dinah, the old mother Maltese, sprang in and curled around her neck, sinking two rows of teeth in the jugular vein. A second of fierce struggle, of vain attempt to fling off the tame puss, and then the wild one gave up the ghost. She weighed fifty-one pounds, and is the biggest wildcat ever taken in this vicinity.

A Winged Kentucky Snake.

Jackson Watson, the well known Parksville merchant, has discovered a new specimen of the serpent family. While hunting in the knobs back of Parksville, Ky., yesterday, his attention, writes a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, was attracted by a peculiar whirring sound in the air near him. Quickly turning his head he was amazed at the sight of a snake flying through the top of the bushes along the roadside. Mr. Watson being an experienced hunter, was not so overcome by fright or astonishment that he could not fire his gun.

Taking careful and deliberate aim he fired at the monstrosity with a load of bird shot. It fell. Hastening to the spot Watson found that he had not killed, but simply wounded the thing, which had somewhat recovered its power of locomotion and had begun to wriggle away in true serpentine fashion. Mr. Watson grabbed a forked stick near at hand and succeeded in capturing his prize, which is now the wonder of the village of Parksville.

Robert Smith, who lives near the ground on which the snake was killed, says the snake was about eighteen inches in length and near an inch and a half through its thickest part. It appears to be of the black snake variety, and aside from its wings bore no other peculiar marks. The wings were attached on each side and about midway of its body, and were somewhat of the color and construction of the wings of a bat.

Child Finds a $1,000 Draft.

At Steven's Point, Wis., Little Mabel Ennor, while cleaning her doll's house a day or two ago, found in an old mathematical treatise a $1,000 draft on the Adams Express Company.

The draft was obtained by her grandfather, Thomas Woodward, in 1851, in San Francisco, and is payable at sight in Chicago through the private banking firm of G. H. Smith & Co.

Mr. Woodward was an eccentric Englishman, at one time a member of the British House of Commons. He made a fortune in California during the gold craze in '49, but had a profound distrust of banks, and several times lost large sums of money by secreting them in odd places.

The draft is still good, despite its age and the stains of time. It will be taken to Chicago next week and presented to the officers of the Adams Express Company for payment by Judge Cate, attorney for Mrs. Woodward.

The Great American Desert.

"Within a few years the Great American Desert will be transformed into one of the most fertile spots in creation," is the prophecy of Col. W. H. Beardsley, of Phoenix, Arizona, "and all this will be due to the work of irrigation. Already the Salt River Valley is a blooming bower, with its earliest and sweetest oranges, vegetable and fruit products of all varieties, and surprising combinations in the propagation and elevation of many vegetable grades. A movement is now under way to dam the Agua Fria River in the highlands west and northwest of Phoenix and bring thousands of acres of arid land within cultivation. This entire country, at one time unproductive of anything but cacti and sage brush, will soon be considered highly valuable and worthy of attention."

Odd Scarecrows in Trees.

The stuffed calico cats made of print cloth stamped with the picture of a tabby and stuffed with cotton into quite a lifelike counterfeit of the animal, which were a common toy with children a few years ago, have been put to a novel use lately in Lincoln County, Me. The farmers have fastened the calico cats up among the branches of their fruit trees, and it is said they most effectually scare away predatory birds. It would seem the idea could be extended into the making of lifelike stuffed calico huntsmen for use as scarecrows in cornfields and melon patches.

Discovery of the Mammoth Cave.

The most plausible and reliable date for the discovery of the Mammoth Cave, says Elder Thomas B. Howe, is 1,806. During that year a crippled hunter named Hutchins pursued a wounded bear into it and shortly afterward announced his discovery.

THE MANATEE.

One of the Strangest of Animals Native to America.

Of all the large animals of the American continent, none is more remarkable in form than the Manatee.

Although this strange creature is of goodly size, often reaching a weight of several hundred pounds, and sometimes attaining a length of thirteen feet, yet I venture to say that not more than one person out of every four thousand in the United States could now arise and correctly answer the question, "What is a Manatee?" Whenever you mention the name of the creature to any one save a student of quadrupeds, of a surety you will have that question to answer forthwith.

The Manatee is an animal that lives exclusively in the water, and while it is shaped somewhat like a seal, it is very far from being one. I mention the seal by way of comparison solely because it is the only quadruped which can be used. The heavy, bag-like body, short neck, blunt nose and round head of our harbor seal do indeed suggest the form of the Manatee; but there the resemblance stops short.

Instead of having hind flippers like a seal, the body of the Manatee terminates in a very broad and very flat tail, which forms an admirable propeller. Its front limbs are simply big, flat paddles, by no means so shapely and useful as the front flippers of a sea lion. It has no hair—or, at least, none to speak of; a smooth, but very thick and tough skin, small weak eyes and a blunt nose. Instead of having teeth like a seal, and feeding on fish, it has only a set of rather weak molars, and lives solely on aquatic plants.

It lives in the mouths and lower reaches of rivers that flow into the sea in tropical latitudes, and while it does not object to salt water, it is most at home in water that it is either brackish or else quite fresh; and the latter is preferred because of its aquatic vegetation. Unlike the seal, it is quite unable to come out on land.

I am glad to be able to say that even to-day this remarkable animal is an inhabitant of one portion of our strangely diversified United States.

For some particular reason, probably the abundance of good food combined with a good depth of the water a number of Manatees have chosen to inhabit the St. Lucie River, Brevard Co., Florida, which flows into Indian River, eighteen miles above Jupiter Inlet. Their presence there has been well known for twenty years or so; but, fortunately for them, they possess nither the checkered leather hide of the sad eyed alligator, the spun glass plumes of the unhappy egret, or the delicious flesh of the wild turkey, and so as yet they have not been entirely exterminated.

Terrapin Farming.

An enterprising citizen of Fulton, Fla., Mr. Hole, is the pioneer in a new industry for that State—diamond-back terrapin farming. In his pen, built in the water, he has 1,000 terrapin and next year hopes to have five times that number. The Florida terrapin are of the same species as the Maryland terrapin. There is said to be no difference in the taste of the precious morsels, but there is a great difference in the price paid for them. While Florida terrapin bring only $20, those taken from the waters of Chesapeake Bay sell at from $36 to $60 a dozen. Even at $20 a dozen, however, Mr. Hole expects to make the business a paying one. The great difficulty to be encountered in supplying the demand is the unusual ability of the terrapin to hide themselves. They are easiest caught in the hatching season, when they make tracks in the sand to and from the nest; but this is the closed season, and the law provides a heavy penalty for violation. In the open season terrapin are captured in nets. Mr. Hole says that terrapin possess a fatal curiosity. If there are terrapin in a creek, all you have to do is to rap on the boat, and their little black heads will bob to the surface. Then the dragnet is called into play, and the terrapin are bagged.

A Horrible Tragedy.

A horrible tragedy took place not long since in a menagerie at Lyons. A clerk had the entree of the menagerie, and was on friendly terms with the staff of the show. He made up his mind to be photographed in the central lions' cage, and went to the menagerie without the knowledge of the proprietor in order to carry out his intention. He entered the cage, which was, of course, empty, and while the photographer was getting ready his camera he approached the neighboring cage, in which an enormous lion, named Romulus, lay sleeping. He did all he could to excite the animal through the bars, and while pressing against the partition inadvertently opened the trap door which separated the two-cages. The lion bounded through the opening, and, springing upon the unfortunate clerk, seized his head in its mouth, crushing it terribly. The young fellow was killed almost instantaneously.

Fancy velvets, velours and velveteens will also be features of the autumn and winter. Velvets printed in Indian fine patterns, green, dark blue, crimson and a deep orange, are to be used with the cloth gowns quite profusely for accessories. Mandarin yellow will have a place also, but in smaller quantities, as a little make a great show, but judiciously used looks very well in combination with the dark blues and greens, peeping out among the many lapels and folds.

The Wisconsin Red Oak.

The Wisconsin red oak has for several years taken high rank in furniture and finishing factories on account of its softness, adaptability to shop work, its lively color and figure. When plain sawed it commands higher prices than any oak, although quarter sawed white oak is more expensive. According to the Northwestern Lumberman this red oak belt in Wisconsin is not wide, and at the rate the timber is being cut off it will probably not last more than six or seven years. In the northwestern part of the State, which is not yet opened up by railroads, there is a heavily timbered area which may contain much red oak, but it will soon be traversed by a railway from Duluth.

Torpedo Boats.

About 1871, the first torpedo boat was built by the Thorneycrofts, of London; it was fifty feet long and had a speed of sixteen and a quarter knots an hour.

The Early Birds.

It's the early birds that catch the worm, saith the proverb, but what a foolish worm it is to get up so early and be caught. Some of our farmers are the early birds. They go forth at dawn to catch up, as they call it, and they catch something else. Tramping through wet grass and stubble on cold, damp, frosty mornings like these, and going thus all day thereafter, brings to scores of them what they were not looking for. They come home in the evening to suffer all night with rheumatism. Now, while men must work, they need not suffer. Why should they when a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil will keep them all right? A good rub at night with it will so strengthen and heal the muscles they will resist the influence of the cold and dampness, and a man will be cured before he knows it. Let this be tried for a while, and if the man is not cured it is only because he hasn't the patience to rub the pain out.

No one expects that his grave will be neglected.

No man can have a good head and a bad stomach.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

Keeps Men Poor.

The clerk might be "boss" if he had the head for it. The brains are there, but they don't seem to work. The trouble usually begins in the stomach. Indigestion keeps men poor because they don't know they have it, but imagine something else. Ripans Tabules insure sound digestion and a clear head. They regulate the entire system. Ask the druggist for a box.

The truest self-respect is not to think of self.

Why You Should Use Hindercorns.

It takes out the corns, and then you have comfort, surely a good exchange. 15c. at druggists.

No woman cares to know why she loves a man.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

We are often able because we think we are able.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

All the gestures of children are graceful.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The wounds made by a friend never heal.

Money Spent in Parker's Ginger Tonic is well invested. It subdues pain, and brings better digestion, better strength and health.

A pretty woman never forgets herself.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

By searching the old learn the new.

Health

Built on the solid foundation of pure, healthy blood is real and lasting. With rich red blood you will have no sickness.

When you allow your blood to become thin, depleted, robbed of the little red corpuscles which indicate its quality, you will become tired, worn out, lose your appetite and strength, and disease will soon have you in its grasp.

Purify, vitalize and enrich your blood, and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. $1. All druggists.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

ITCHING PILES MYERS' Solid Extract Witch Hazel cures them. 25c. and 50c. pots at druggists, or sample mailed FREE. J. J. FLECK, Tiffin, O.

If your wife is over-worked,

Do all you can to lighten her household cares.

Begin to-morrow by sending home a package of

Heckers' Buckwheat.

It means for her a half hour more sleep in the morning. A buckwheat breakfast can be prepared in a moment you know.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "An Angelic Rescue."

TEXT: "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?"—Genesis xxii., 7.

Here are Abraham and Isaac, the one a kind, old, gracious, affectionate father, the other a brave, obedient, religious son. From his bronzed appearance you can tell that this son has been much in the fields, and from his shaggy dress you know that he has been watching the herds. The mountain air has painted his cheek rubicund. He is twenty or twenty-five or, as some suppose, thirty-three years of age, nevertheless a boy, considering the length of life to which people lived in those times and the fact that a son never is anything but a boy to a father. I remember that my father used to come into the house when the children were home on some festal occasion and say, "Where are the boys?" although "the boys" were twenty-five and thirty and thirty-five years of age. So this Isaac is only a boy to Abraham, and this father's heart is in him. It is Isaac here and Isaac there. If there is any festivity around the father's tent, Isaac must enjoy it. It is Isaac's walk, and Isaac's apparel, and manners, and Isaac's prospects, and Isaac's prosperity. The father's heartstrings are all wrapped around that boy and wrapped again, until nine-tenths of the old man's life is in Isaac. I can just imagine how lovingly and proudly he looked at his only son.

Well, the dear old man had borne a great deal of trouble, and it had left its mark upon him. In hieroglyphics of wrinkle the story was written from forehead to chin. But now his trouble seems all gone, and we are glad that he is very soon to rest forever. If the old man shall get decrepit, Isaac is strong enough to wait on him. If the father get dim of eyesight, Isaac will lead him by the hand. If the father become destitute Isaac will earn him bread. How glad we are that the ship that has been in such a stormy sea is coming at last into the harbor. Are you not rejoiced that glorious old Abraham is through with his troubles? No, no! A thunderbolt! From that clear eastern sky there drops into that father's tent a voice with an announcement enough to turn black hair white and to stun the patriarch into instant annihilation. God said, "Abraham!" The old man answered, "Here I am." God said to him: "Take thy son, thy only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah and offer him there as a burnt offering." In other words, slay him; cut his body into fragments; put the fragments on wood; set fire to the wood and let Isaac's body be consumed to ashes.

"Cannibalism! Murder!" says some one. "Not so," said Abraham. I hear him soliloquize: "Here is the boy on whom I have depended! Oh, how I loved him! He was given in answer to prayer, and now must I surrender him? O Isaac, my son! Isaac, how shall I part with you? But then it is always safer to do as God asks me to. I have been in dark places before, and God got me out. I will implicitly do as God has told me, although it is very dark. I can't see my way, but I know God makes no mistakes, and to Him I commit myself and my darling son."

Early in the morning there is a stir around Abraham's tent. A beast of burden is fed and saddled. Abraham makes no disclosure of the awful secret. At the break of day he says: "Come, come, Isaac, get up! We are going off on a two or three days' journey." I hear the ax hewing and splitting amid the wood until the sticks are made the right length and the right thickness, and then they are fastened on the beast of burden. They pass on. There are four of them—Abraham, the father; Isaac, the son, and two servants. Going along the road I see Isaac looking up into his father's face and saying: "Father, what is the matter? Are you not well? Has anything happened? Are you tired? Lean on my arm." Then, turning around to the servants, the son says, "Ah, father is getting old, and he has had trouble enough in other days to kill him!"

The third morning has come, and it is the day of the tragedy. The two servants are left with the beast of burden, while Abraham and his son Isaac, as was the custom of good people in those times, went up on the hill to sacrifice to the Lord. The wood is taken off the beast's back and put on Isaac's back. Abraham has in one hand a pan of coals or a lamp and in the other a sharp, keen knife. Here are all the appliances for sacrifice, you say. No, there is one thing wanting. There is no victim—no pigeon or heifer or lamb. Isaac, not knowing that he is to be the victim, looks up into his father's face and asks a question which must have cut the old man to the bone. "My father!" The father said, "My son, Isaac, here I am." The son said, "Behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?" The father's lip quivered, and his heart fainted, and his knees knocked together, and his entire body, mind and soul shiver in sickening anguish as he struggles to gain equipoise, for he does not want to break down. And then he looks into his son's face with a thousand rushing tendernesses and says, "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb."

The twain are now at the foot of the hill, the place which is to be famous for a most transcendent occurrence. They gather some stones out of the field and build an altar of three or four feet high. Then they take this wood off Isaac's back and sprinkle it over the stones, so as to help and invite the flame. The altar is done—it is all done. Isaac has helped to build it. With his father he has discussed whether the top of the table is even and whether the wood is properly prepared. Then there is a pause. The son looks around to see if there is not some living animal that can be caught and butchered for the offering. Abraham tries to choke down his fatherly feelings and suppress his grief in order that he may break to his son the terrific news that he is to be the victim.

Ah, Isaac never looked more beautiful than on that day to his father. As the old man ran his emaciated fingers through his son's hair he said to himself: "How shall I give him up? What will his mother say when I come back without my boy? I thought he would have been the comfort of my declining days. I thought he would have been the hope of ages to come. Beautiful and loving, and yet to die under my own hand. O God, is there not some other sacrifice that will do? Take my life and spare his! Pour out my blood and save Isaac for his mother and the world!" But this was an inward struggle. The father controls his feelings and looks into his son's face and says, "Isaac, must I tell you all?" His son said: "Yes, father; I thought you had something on your mind. Tell it." The father said, "My son, Isaac, thou art the lamb!" "Oh," you say, "why didn't that young man, if he was twenty or thirty years of age, smite into the dust his infirm father? He could have done it." Ah, Isaac knew by this time that the scene was typical of a Messiah who was to come, and so he made no struggle. They fell on each other's necks and wailed out the parting. Awful and matchless scene of the wilderness! The rocks echo back the breaking of their hearts. The cry, "My son, my son!" The answer, "My father, my father!"

Do not compare this, as some people have, to Agamemnon willing to offer up his daughter, Iphigenia, to please the gods. There is nothing comparable to this wonderful obedience to the true God. You know that victims for sacrifice were always bound, so that they might not struggle away. Rawlings, the martyr, when he was dying for Christ's sake, said to the blacksmith who held the manacles, "Fasten those chains tight now, for my flesh may struggle mightily." So Isaac's arms were fastened, his feet are tied. The old man, rallying all his strength, lifts him on to a pile of wood. Fastening a thong on one side of the altar, he makes it span the body of Isaac, and fastens the thong at the other side of the altar, and another thong, and another thong. There is the lamp flickering in the wind ready to be put under the brushwood of the altar. There is the knife, sharp and keen. Abraham—struggling with his mortal feelings on the one side and the commands of God on the other—takes that knife, rubs the flat of it on the palm of his hand, cries to God for help, comes up to the side of the altar, puts a parting kiss on the brow of his boy, takes a message from him for mother and home, and then lifting the glittering weapon for the plunge of the death stroke—his muscles knitting for the work—the hand begins to descend. It falls! Not on the heart of Isaac, but on the arm of God, who arrests the stroke, making the wilderness quake with the cry, "Abraham, Abraham, lay not thy hand upon the lad, nor do him any harm!"

What is this sound back in the woods? It is a crackling as of tree branches, a bleating and a struggle. Go, Abraham, and see what it is. Oh, it was a ram that, going through the woods, has its crooked horns fastened and entangled in the brushwood and could not get loose, and Abraham seizes it gladly and quickly unloosens Isaac from the altar, puts the ram on his place, sets the lamp under the brushwood of the altar, and as the dense smoke of the sacrifice begins to rise the blood rolls down the sides of the altar and drops hissing into the fire, and I hear the words, "Behold the Lamb of God who takes away the sins of the world!"

Well, what are you going to get out of this? There is an aged minister of the gospel. He says: "I should get out of it that when God tells you to do a thing, whether it seems reasonable to you or not, go ahead and do it. Here Abraham couldn't have been mistaken. God didn't speak so indistinctly that it was not certain whether he called Sarah or Abimelech or somebody else, but with divine articulation, divine intonation, divine emphasis, he said, 'Abraham!' Abraham rushed blindly ahead to do his duty, knowing that things would come out right. Likewise do so yourselves. There is a mystery of your life. There is some burden you have to carry. You don't know why God has put it on you. There is some persecution, some trial, and you don't know why God allows it. There is a work for you to do, and you have not enough grace, you think, to do it. Do as Abraham did. Advance and do your whole duty. Be willing to give up Isaac, and perhaps you will not have to give up anything. 'Jehovah-jireh' —the Lord will provide." A capital lesson this old minister gives us.

Out yonder in this house is an aged woman, the light of heaven in her face. She is half way through the door. She has her hand on the pearl of the gate. Mother, what would you get out of this subject? "Oh," she says, "I would learn that it is in the last pinch that God comes to the relief. You see, the altar was ready, and Isaac was fastened on it, and the knife was lifted, and just at the last moment God broke in and stopped proceedings. So it has been in my life of seventy years. Why, sir, there was a time when the flour was all out of the house, and I set the table at noon and had nothing to put on it, but five minutes of 1 o'clock a loaf of bread came. The Lord will provide. My son was very sick, and I said: 'Dear Lord, you don't mean to take him away from me, do you? Please, Lord, don't take him away. Why, there are neighbors who have three and four sons. This is my only son. This is my Isaac. Lord, you won't take him away from me, will You?' But I saw he was getting worse and worse all the time, and I turned round and prayed, until after awhile I felt submissive, and I could say, 'Thy will, O Lord, be done!' The doctors gave him up, and we all gave him up. And, as was the custom in those times, we had made the grave clothes, and we were whispering about the last exercises, when I looked and I saw some perspiration on his brow, showing that the fever had broken, and he spoke to us so naturally that I knew he was going to get well. He did get well, and my son Isaac, whom I thought was going to be slain and consumed of disease, was loosened from that altar. And, bless your souls, that's been so for seventy years, and if my voice were not so weak, and if I could see better, I could preach to you younger people a sermon, for though I can't see much I can see this—whenever you get into a tough place and your heart is breaking, if you will look a little farther into the woods, you will see, caught in the branches, a substitute and a deliverance. 'My son, God will provide Himself a lamb.'"

Thank you, mother, for that short sermon. I could preach back to you for a minute or two and say, never do you fear! I wish I had half as good a hope of heaven as you have. Do not fear, mother. Whatever happens, no harm will ever happen to you. I was going up a long flight of stairs and I saw an aged woman, very decrepit and with a cane, creeping on up. She made but very little progress, and I felt very exuberant, and I said to her, "Why, mother, that is no way to go upstairs," and I threw my arms around her and I carried her up and put her down on the landing at the top of the stairs. She said: "Thank you, thank you. I am very thankful." O mother, when you get through this life's work and you want to go upstairs and rest in the good place that God has provided for you, you will not have to climb up, you will not have to crawl up painfully. The two arms that were stretched on the cross will be flung around you, and you will be hoisted with a glorious lift beyond all weariness and all struggle. May the God of Abraham and Isaac be with you until you see the Lamb on the hilltops.

Now, that aged minister has made a suggestion, and this aged woman has made a suggestion. I will make a suggestion. Isaac going up the hill makes me think of the great sacrifice. Isaac, the only son of Abraham. Jesus, the only son of God. On those two "onlys" I build a tearful emphasis. O Isaac! O Jesus! But this last sacrifice was a more tremendous one. When the knife was lifted over Calvary there was no voice that cried "Stop!" and no hand arrested it. Sharp, keen and tremendous it cut down through nerve and artery until the blood sprayed the faces of the executioners, and the midday sun dropped a veil of cloud over its face because it could not endure the spectacle. O Isaac of Mount Moriah! O Jesus of Mount Calvary! Better could God have thrown away into annihilation a thousand worlds than to have sacrified His only Son. It was not one of the ten sons; it was His only Son. If He had not given up Him, you and I would have perished. "God so loved the world that He gave His only—" I stop there, not because I have forgotten the quotation, but because I want to think. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotton Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Great God, break my heart at the thought of that sacrifice. Isaac the only, typical of Jesus the only.

I have been told that the cathedral of St. Mark stands in a quarter in the center of the city of Venice, and that when the clock strikes 12 at noon all the birds from the city and the regions round about the city fly to the square and settle down. It came in this wise: A large hearted woman, passing one noonday across the square, saw some birds shivering in the cold, and she scattered some crumbs of bread among them. The next day, at the same hour, she scattered more crumbs of bread among them, and so on from year to year until the day of her death. In her will she bequeathed a certain amount of money to keep up the same practice, and now, at the first stroke of the bell at noon the birds begin to come there, and when the clock has struck 12 the square is covered with them. How beautifully suggestive! Christ comes out to feed thy soul to-day. The more hungry you feel yourselves to be the better it is. It is noon, and the gospel clock strikes 12. Come in flocks! Come as doves to the window! All the air is filled with the liquid chine: Come! Come! Come!

Richest Man in the World.

Barnato, the originator of the Kaffir boom, is now estimated to be worth $50,000,000, nearly all of which has been made in South African mining stocks during the past two years. The nominal capital of his bank was originally $12,000,000 in $5 shares. They opened at from $15 to $20 premium, and the capital of the bank is now valued at about $45,000,000. Barnato was formerly a circus employe.

CABLE SPARKS.

The cholera in Honolulu is on the decrease and the scare is rapidly dying out.

A ministerial crisis exists in Venezuela and four cabinet ministers have resigned.

Rumors are current at Honolulu that another filibuster expedition against the islands is contemplated.

Japanese troops have restored order at Seoul, Corea, and are now guarding the palace. The safety of the Queen is assured.

It is reported in Moscow that one hundred persons were drowned near the village of Ozery by the capsizing of a large raft on the river Oka, Russia.

The Manchester (England) Cotton Spinner's Association has passed a resolution providing that all cotton shipped direct from New Orleans or Galveston to Manchester shall have preference at the cotton sales.

It is announced in Paris that the heart of Kosklusko, the Polish poet, and general under Washington, will be transferred from Vesia to the Polish Museum in the Chateau Raperswiji, near Zurich.

A bill was introduced in the lower house of the Danish Parliament to authorize the appointment of twenty paid consuls for Denmark, including one at New York, Chicago, New Orleans and Rio de Janeiro.

It is said that the anti-European party in Japan is seriously agitating against the decision of the government to evacuate that the Liao-Tung peninsula, declaring that the evacuation will cause political complications of a grave nature.

Edgar Saltus, the well-known American author, was married at the English Embassy Church, in Paris, to Miss Elisie Welsh Smith, a granddaughter of John Welsh, of Philadelphia, formerly United States minister to London.

The Kucheng commission has found that 140 Chinese took part in the massacre of missionaries at Hwasang. Of these 59 persons have been put on trial and 45 have been convicted. Thirty-two cases are awaiting the viceroy's decision.

The Atlas Line steamer Alene has reached Jamaica and reports that she was fired upon by a Spanish cruiser off Cape Maysi, Cuba. The leaders of the insurgent movement in this country are preparing to seek the recognition of their cause by the United States.

CHICAGO IS "BROKE."

Fire and Police Departments Must Be Cut Down to Practical Abolition.

The city of Chicago is "broke." It is now proposed to cut the Fire and Police Departments from one-third to one-half and scale down other branches of the public service to an extent that will practically amount to their temporary abolition.

On the authority of Comptroller Wetherell is was stated that there is no other way out of the embarrassment. The city is running behind at the rate of $1,000,000 a year, and has a floating debt of $6,000,000 accumulated during six years.

MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

GRAIN, ETC.			
FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat.		@ $	4 15
High Grade Extra			3 0
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	62		65
CORN—No. 2 White	41		42
OATS—Southern & Penn.	27½		28
RYE—No. 2	44		45
HAY—Choice Timothy	15 00		15 50
Good to Prime	14 50		15 00
STRAW—Rye in car lds.	10 00		10 50
Wheat Blocks	6 00		6 50
Oat Blocks	7 00		7 50
CANNED GOODS.			
TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3		@ $	70
No. 2			55
PEAS—Standards	95		1 00
Seconds			85
CORN—Dry Pack			60
Moist			50
HIDES.			
CITY STEERS	11	@ $	12
City Cows	9½		9¾
Southern No. 2	7½		8½
POTATOES & VEGETABLES.			
POTATOES—Burbanks	30	@ $	35
ONIONS	1 00		1 25
PROVISIONS.			
HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.		@ $	8
Clear ribsides	6		7
Hams	11		11½
Mess Pork, per bar			11 00
LARD—Crude			5
Best refined			7½
BUTTER.			
BUTTER—Fine Crmy	23	@ $	24
Under fine	19		21
Creamery Rolls	17		18
CHEESE.			
CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy	9½	@ $	10½
N. Y. flats	10¼		10½
Skim Cheese	6		8
EGGS.			
EGGS—State	17	@ $	18
North Carolina	14		15
LIVE POULTRY.			
CHICKENS—Hens	9	@ $	11
Ducks, per lb	9		10
TOBACCO.			
TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	1 50	@ $	2 50
Sound common	3 00		4 00
Middling	6 00		7 00
Fancy	10 00		12 00
LIVE STOCK.			
BEEF—Best Beeves	2 00	@ $	4 50
SHEEP	1 50		2 75
Hogs	5 00		5 40
FURS AND SKINS.			
MUSKRAT	10	@ $	11
Raccoon	40		45
Red Fox	—		1 00
Skunk Black	—		80
Opossum	22		23
Mink	—		80
Otter	—		6 00

NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	3 10	@ $	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	66⅝		66¾
RYE—Western	56		60
CORN—No. 2	37⅛		38⅛
OATS—No. 3	24⅝		24⅝
BUTTER—State	12		21
EGGS—State	19		20½
CHEESE—State	6		9

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	3 60	@ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	65⅛		65¾
CORN—No. 3	36⅛		37⅛
OATS—N. 2	25⅛		26
BUTTER—State	24		25
EGGS—Penns. ft	19		19½

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

CURIOUS ISLANDERS.

The Cave Dwellers of Bering Straits Are Without Equals.

In Bering Straits, thirty miles off Port Clarence and the shores of Alaska, there are about two hundred of the most curious islanders that ever were seen. The island or rock they inhabit is about half a mile wide and a little more than that distance long, and the islanders are cave dwellers and live on whale blubber, seal and walrus meat. One abode is built over and under the other and to the right and left, giving them a strange and motley appearance, not unlike the recesses inhabited by bald eagles. There are narrow caves excavated into the side of the crumbling volcanic rock, and in the bottom of each is some short, native grass, forming a bed in which to sleep. At the mouth of the cave and just in the interior fires are lighted, and here they warm themselves in the winter. Skins of different kinds are also suspended outside to keep out the snow and cold. In the summer the hardy natives leave their holes and live in odd houses made of poles, constructed near at hand on the edge of the cliff.

These strange people are usually as strong and vigorous as can be found anywhere. Moreover, they are entirely contented and happy. They have no government, no chief, and no need of laws. Living in families and setting forth every day in their kiaks for the whale, seal and walrus, they return each night to their caves, or pole tents, caring nothing for the outside world.

Odd to relate, however, the prestige of the native is determined by the clothes he wears. As these consist of skins and constitute the wealth of the islanders, it will be seen that they are not in this respect so much unlike civilized people. But the man with more clothes than anybody else has no more authority. He is respected for his sagacity, but that is all.

Austria's National Bank.

The Bank of England rightly has the reputation of being one of the mightiest powers in the world of finance. But there are other institutions in Europe whose capital and transactions are not to be sneezed at even by the Rothschild aggregation. In its last monthly report the Austro-Hungarian Bank at Vienna states that the value of its notes in circulation is 529,408,000 gulden ($260,000,000), and that it has gold and silver to the amount of 340,405,000 gulden.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is unquestionably a most valuable FOOD in the sick room, where either little one or adult needs delicate, nourishing diet!!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John Carle & Sons, New York.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box 1B, Detroit, Mich.

Rapid Growth.

Practically every department of trade in New York which has grown to great activity has been fostered, first of all, by advertising. Merchants not many years ago unknown beyond a narrow neighborhood have by this means pushed their names and their business into a distinction which extends throughout the Union, and even throughout the world. Little shops with a petty trade have developed rapidly into great bazars under the stimulus of advertising.

Mrs. Zabbs—I met with one of the strangest experiences of my life to-day. Mr. Zabbs—You did! What was it? Mrs. Zabbs—Just this: I was getting on an open car and the man on the end seat moved in and let me have it.—Roxbury Gazette.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

LINENE REVERSIBLE

Raphael, Angelo, Rubens, Tasso

The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs worn; they are made of fine cloth, both sides finished alike, and being reversible, one collar is equal to two of any other kind. They fit well, wear well and look well. A box of Ten Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for Twenty-Five Cents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for Six Cents. Name style and size. Address

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY,
77 Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Boston.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

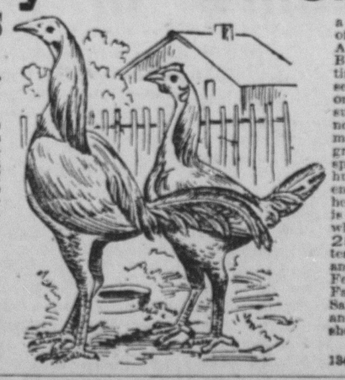
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

43

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS. CONSUMPTION

Money in Chickens.

MONEY IN CHICKENS —IF YOU— KNOW HOW

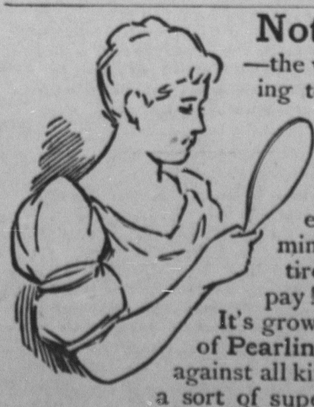


To keep them, but it is wrong to let the poor things Suffer and Die of the various Maladies which afflict them when in a majority of cases a Cure could have been effected had the owner possessed a little knowledge, such as can be procured from the

ONE HUNDRED PAGE BOOK

We offer, embracing the PRACTICAL EXPERIENCES of a man who devoted 25 years of his life to CONDUCTING A POULTRY YARD AS A BUSINESS, not as a pastime. As the living of himself and family depended on it, he gave the subject such attention as only a need of bread will command, and the result was a grand success, after he had spent much money and lost hundreds of valuable chickens in experimenting. What he learned in all these years is embodied in this book, which we send postpaid for 25 cents in stamps. It teaches you how to Detect and Cure Diseases, how to Feed for Eggs and also for Fattening, which Fowls to Save for Breeding Purposes and everything, indeed, you should know on this subject.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE,
134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.



Nothing to complain of

—the woman who uses Pearline. Nothing to complain of in the washing and cleaning line, anyway. And certainly the proprietors of Pearline can't complain. If you only knew how many women, every day, are making up their minds that the old, wearing, tearing, tiresome way of washing doesn't pay!

It's growing bigger than ever—the success of Pearline; though it has to fight not only against all kinds of poor imitations, but against a sort of superstition that anything which can save so much labor must be harmful in some way.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 490 JAMES PYLE, New York.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS.—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms, $2.00 per year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—20 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Oct. 24.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

For Prothonotary,
WM. F. SMITH.

For District Attorney,
WM. J. SINGER.

"Abram Miller, deserter."—Bates' History.

Did Abe Miller desert from the ranks during the last civil war? Bates' History says so.

THE water question just now is of more importance to the people of the country than the silver question.

YOU can not afford to exchange the experience of Wm. F. Smith for the inexperience and incompetency of Abe Miller.

IF "old Abe" at Pleasant Gap thinks every Democrat is a rebel why does he ask them to vote for him for prothonotary?

QUIGLY is not eligible to the district attorneyship—he's not married a year and hasn't rendered any service to his country.

OLD Centre should, and will, roll up a Democratic majority in November, because our party has brought good times out of bad.

FIFTY years ago Millerism meant the end of the world at hand; now Millerism means to elect for prothonotary one who is not qualified.

SURELY it would be unwise to defeat a tried and capable prothonotary like Wm. F. Smith, and elect an admittedly incapable man like Abe Miller.

OLD Centre will come back with a bound into the Democratic ranks on November 5. No complimentory votes will be cast this year by the Democrats.

THE Democrats redeemed their pledge to restore better times, more work and higher wages for the workingmen. Vote for that ticket in November.

WM. J. SINGER has filled the office of District Attorney creditably to himself and his district. He has served faithfully and no charge can be brought against him of neglect. Vote straight for Singer.

IF Bates' History of the last civil war is correct, and it has not been proven otherwise, not a G. A. R. veteran who risked his life at the front to save his country, should touch Abe Miller. The history records, "Abram Miller, deserter."

THE last corrupt legislature should be severely condemned by the intelligent voter on Nov. 5. If our hard working citizens of Penns and Brush valleys are favorable to the squandering of public monies, then the Republican ticket should be voted throughout.

IF the last Republican State Legislature had not been ridden by corporation bosses the miners of Pennsylvania would have secured the laws which they demanded should be enacted. The company store curse would have then been blotted out of existence and the wage-earner, especially of the bituminous region, would be better satisfied with his lot. This is a good year in which to rebuke the Republican party for having betrayed the workingmen.

WHILE Abe Miller is endeavoring to have his war record cleared of participating in the withholding of the bounty of the privates of Co. E. 184 Pa. Vol., a few more questions may be asked him in the hopes that he will still further enlighten the voters. In Bates' History of the last civil war this record is found of our worthy aspirant for the Prothonotaryship: "Abram Miller, Deserter.,' Will he also explain away this little record?

NOTWITHSTANDING the assertions of himself and organs, Matthew Stanley Quay does not think that the Republican party ticket is going to win by anything like the party majority, let alone such an extraordinary vote as it polled last fall. He has come to Philadelphia with a large army of camp followers, henchmen and confidential clerks, and is working for a state victory harder and more persistently than he did when he was National Chairman of his party. In fact, Mr. Quay plainly sees the day of his political decline and the sunset of his career as an alledged statesman. This is his last supreme struggle for the boss-ship of his party, and he is sacrificing everything to maintain his hold. He is like unto the monster of the northern ocean, who, pierced by the spears of many brave whalers, lashes the sea and in its fury makes a vain endeavor to destroy his enemies and regain his liberty. So Quay, who thought himself invulnerable, has found himself mortally wounded by the lances of the respectable portion of his party, and yet tries to crush them with his waning political power.

FAVORITE BANKS FOR STATE FUNDS.

The most amusing statement in relation to the loose management of the State Treasury that has been made in this campaign appeared in Quay's especial champion, the Philadelphia Inquirer, the other day. This paper asserts that anything Treasurer Jackson might say will be believed everywhere, and then goes on to defend the present system of farming out the public funds to favorite banks—that unless this practice was followed some of the banks would be wrecked and the people who deposited in them would be great losers. If this were a fact the people should have no confidence in our present national banking system.

The people place their money in banks for accommodation, but more especially for safety, and no national bank is expected or allowed to depend on a possible state deposit through the favoritism of the State Treasurer of the state funds. The Inquirer further says, "that some of the banks have come to consider the state money as their working capital." If that is so, for what do we have National Bank Examiners? If the handsome dividends of a few favorite banks in Pennsylvania depend on the pleasure of a Republican State Treasurer and the public funds, those banks are not honest or square to their hundreds of depositors, and the sooner they close their doors the better it will be for the people who have any money to deposit; and, likewise, the sooner we have an honest man like Benjamin F. Meyers in the State Treasury the better it will be for the taxpayers.

Has Only Two Legs.

One of the queerest freaks of nature ever heard of is a little dog owned by Edward Lindsey who lives at the red school house between Bellefonte and Milesburg. The dog has only two legs instead of four and notwishstanding this queer state of affairs, is as healthy an animal as one could find anywhere. The dog is about four weeks old and is perfectly developed otherwise than the part mentioned above. The shoulder blades are fully formed and the marks can plainly be seen where the legs should be. It romps and plays with the other little dogs and does not seem to have any trouble in moving around. Here is a chance for some enterprising showman who wants to make some money to put the dog in some museum, as such a thing as this is not an every day occurrence.—*Daily News.*

The Official Ballot.

There will be six columns on the State ballot this year, except in three counties, Green, Huntingdon and Mifflin, where there are independent candidates for President Judge. While the other parties have nominated full state tickets, the People's party have a State Treasurer and only three Judges, and the Social Labor party only a State Treasurer.

Too Small for Heads.

Cold this morning and no signs for rain.

A dozen of neighboring farmers now water their stock at George Boal's, whose spring still keeps a full flow.

George Emerick contemplates laying 1600 feet of galvanized inch pipe to convey water from the mountain to his farm buildings.

Ruhl informs us the Old Fort hotel spring still holds its own.

The skeleton of a Johnstown flood victim was found in the Conemaugh river at Ninevah Saturday.

One Chance in Eight Years.

Next year will be leap year, and, an exchange says, the girls will do well to make most of the opportunity, for it will be eight years before another comes. The year 1900 will not be a leap year. There are 365 days and six hours, less eleven minutes amount to one day in one hundred years, when leap year is dispensed with. The year 1900 will therefore not be a leap year.

Selling Water at Altoona.

The benefits of the light rainfalls of Saturday last and Sunday at Altoona have faded away, and the town is in worse condition than ever as regards a water supply. Filtered water is peddled about the streets in wagons and sold to those who wish to buy by the barrel, bucket or gallon.

—All the latest styles in dress goods; Plaids, Novelty Goods, Cashmere, and Serges in all shades.—Wolf & Crawford.

—Lyon & Co. have made a still further reduction in all lines. They publish their prices, and you get the same at their store.

Chapter of Accidents.

Cyrus Ziegler, of Pleasant Gap, fell from an apple tree on Tuesday, sustaining a fracture of the wrist and some bruises.

A little son of David Glasgow, of near Tusseyville, on Tuesday fell from the loft to the barn floor, resulting in severe injuries in the pelvis bones.

On Wednesday morning Mrs. Lew Gettig, of Tusseyville, fell over her 3 year old daughter by the little one stepping in her way, by which the child received severe bruises of the elbow.

Dr. Emerick is our informant, having been called in the above cases.

—Although all lines of clothing and dry goods have advanced in prices, the customers of Lyon & Co., Bellefonte never are aware of the fact. In the face of the advance a big reduction has been made in dry goods, clothing and shoes. See their price list on page five.

In many cases, the first work of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is to expel the effects of the other medicines that have been tried in vain. It would be a saving of time and money if experimenters took Ayer's Sarsaparilla at first instead of at last.

ASSIGNEES SALE OF A VALUABLE FARM.—By virtue of an order issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, there will be exposed to public sale, in Potter township, upon the premises of James C. Runkle and William H. Runkle, at Centre Hill, on

— SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1895. —

At 1 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate the property of James C. Runkle and William H. Runkle. Assignors:

All that certain messuage, tenement, and tract of land situate in the township of Potter, county of Centre and state of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at a stone corner, thence along lands of Mrs. Adam Smith south 32¼ degrees, east 293 perches to stone corner, thence by land of Mrs. William Benner north 58¾ degrees, east 80 perches to a stone corner, thence by lands of the Heunigh estate and Charles Smith south 28 degrees, east 260 perches to stone corner, thence by lands of Ross & Meyer north 33¾ degrees, west 41 5-10 perches to stone corner, thence by lands of same south 56 degrees, east 18 3-10 perches to corner, thence by lot of Laura Beaver south 45 degrees, west 19 6-10 perches to corner, thence by Centre Hill school lot north 61 degrees, west 16 100 perches to corner, thence by same south 31¼ degrees, west 3 5-10 perches to the place of beginning, containing

— 119 ACRES AND 113 PERCHES, —

neat measure, four acres being well timbered and the balance in a good state of cultivation. Thereon erected a good two-story Frame Dwelling House, good Bank Barn and other outbuildings, good fruit and an excellent supply of well water.

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid on day of sale, balance of one-third on confirmation of sale, one-third in one year and one-third in two years, deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by bond and mortgage upon the premises.

The entire purchase money will be accepted on day of sale if purchaser or purchasers so desire.

W. G. RUNKLE,
Assignee of
JAMES C. RUNKLE and
WM. H. RUNKLE.

AUDITORS NOTICE.—IN THE ORPHANS Court of Centre County, in the estate of Jesse Garrett late of Miles township, deceased.

The undersigned having been appointed an auditor in the above estate to make distribution of the funds in the hands of the accountant to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Friday, the 25th day of October, A. D. 1895, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time and place all parties interested may appear and present their claims or forever afterwards be debarred from coming in on said fund.

Bellefonte, Pa. H C. QUIGLEY,
Sept. 25, 1895. Auditor.

A Reliable Woman Wanted.

We want a reliable woman in every county to establish a corset parlor for the sale of Dr. Nichol's Celebrated Spinal Supporting Corsets and "Double from End to End" Clasps, with Asbestos Lined Bust, Protector. Every pair warranted not to break or rust, absolutely impervious to moisture or perspiration. A new pair given for every pair that breaks. Guarantee printed on each corset, recommended by over 10,000 physicians. I furnish complete stock on consignment and pay a salary of $40 to $65 per month and expenses. $3.00 sample outfit free. Send 10 cents postage for sample and terms.

NICHOLS MANUFACTURING CO.,
oct10 3m 378 Canal Street, New York.

Wanted--A Man To solicit orders for our guaranteed nursery stock. Liberal salary to a local man. Salary and expenses to a man who will travel. Few places left, so write at once.

GUARANTEE NURSERY CO.
10oct6 18th and Chestnut Station. Philad.

CAUTION.—MY WIFE MARY ELLEN ZERby, having left my bed and board without cause or provocation, all persons are hereby cautioned against trusting her with anything on my account, as I will pay no debts contracted by her. JAMES ZERBY.
oct24-4t Spring Mills, P. O.

Do you Desire to make
MONEY?

OUR PLANS OF OPERATION ASSURE ABSOLUTE SAFETY.

Make your money earn you a monthly salary. $10.00 and more made daily by our new Systimatic Plan of Operation on Small investments in grain and stock speculation.

All we ask is to investigate our new and original methods. Past working of plan and highest references furnished. Our Booklet "Points and Hints" how to make money and other information sent FREE.

GILMORE & CO., Bankers and Brokers,
92912 Open Board of Trade Bldg, Chicago, Ill.

MEN WANTED.

To sell Nursery Stock and a first-class line of NEW SEED POTATOES. No experience required. STEADY WORK and GOOD PAY weekly. Outfits free. Write

Chas. D. Leonard,
10oc3m Geneva, N. Y.

ALL GRADES
FINE PRINTING
TRY THE REPORTER.

THURSTON GRAND RAPIDS OHIO CHEMICAL COMPANY

Thurston's PILLS

Are perfect health jewels, never known to distress but infallible to relieve. When everything else has failed to bring you relief for headache, biliousness, stomach and liver complaints ASK YOUR DRUGGIST for THURSTON'S PILLS. By mail 25 cents per package.

WINTER IS COMING!

Look at This and Decide Where You Want to Buy Your Winter Goods!

We have now the largest stock ever brought into the county. Every way that points to better quality and less prices we use.

Ladies' Coats.

Children's Heavy Cloth Coats from - - 1.35 upwards.
Misses' Coats from the cheapest to the finest Navy Blue and Red Beaver Cloth.
A good fitting Beaver Cloth Ladies' Coat, at - - $2.74
A better quality Ladies' Coat, at - - - - 3.25
A very heavy Bucle Cloth Ladies' Coat, at - - - 4.50
The finest assortment of Ladies' Bucle Cloth Coats, from $8.50 up.

Dress Goods and Dry Goods.

You cannot fail to be suited in our immense stock of Dress Goods.

Beautiful combination of colors in Novelty Dress Goods, 42 in. wide, at - - - - - - 20c
A new weave better quality Silk Mixed Dress Goods, at - - 39c
A special bargain All Wool Camels Hair Serge, 54 inches wide, at 34c
Colored and Black Wool and Silk Mixed Bucle Dress Goods, 89c to 1.37 per yard.
All Wool Henrietta Cloths, all colors, - - 34c per yd. and up.
Fine All Wool Cloths, new shades, 36 inches wide, - 30c per yd.
Novelty Silks for Waists and Dress Trimming, - 35c per yd.
80c Surah Silks, all colors, we make the price, - - - 50c

Plaids. Plaids. Plaids.

Part Wool, All Wool, Silk and Wool, All Silk Plaids, for Dresses and Fancy Waists, - from 5c per yard up to 75c per yard
Fancy Plaid Silks, splendid values, - - - 70c to 1.00 per yd.

Flannels. Flannels. Flannels.

Good Shaker Flannels, - from 4c per yd. up to the finest quality.
Canton Flannels, good values, for - - 4, 5 and 6c per yd.
A Fine Wool White Flannel, from 15c per yard up to the finest quality.
All Wool Elderdown Skirting and Coating, - - 28c per yd.

Muslins. Calicos. Ginghams. Table Linens.

Although Muslins have advanced you can buy them of us at old prices.

A good yard wide Muslin, - - - - 3½c per yd.
Good Calicoes, - - - - - - 4c per yd.
Good Ginghams, at - - - - - - 4c per yd
Lancaster Ginghams, - - - - - - 5c per yd.
Fine Dress Sateens, - - - - - - 8c per yd.
Table Linen, 1½ yd. wide, - 18c per yd. and up to the finest.
2 yds. wide Damask, at - - 75c per yd. and upwards
A close heavy twilled 17 inch Toweling, at - 3½c per yd.

Blankets. Blankets. Blankets.

No need to suffer with cold when you can buy a Blanket for - 55c
Better Blankets, - - - - - - 68, 75, 84 and 98c.
Heavier Blankets, - - 1.09, 1.14, 1.15, 1.24, 1.48, 1.50, 2.00
Extra Heavy Blankets, - - - 2.75, 3.49, 3.98, 4.48
Comforts, - from 50c a piece up to the finest Sateen covered.

Clothing.

Our Clothing Sale at Extraordinary Low Prices is Still Going On. Note the Prices.

Boys' Knee Pants, - - - - 23c up to the finest.
Men's Good Fair Quality Overcoat, - - - at $2.50
A Good Storm Overcoat, - - - - at $3.75
The Best Extra Heavy Lined Storm Ulsters, - - at $5.50 and $6
An elegant line Blue, Black, Oxford Mixed Dress Overcoats, from $3.50 to $8.
Long Black Melton and Beaver Dress Overcoats, at $10 and $12.50, as good a garment as you can get elsewhere at $15 or $18.
Child's Overcoats, - - - $1.25, 1.39, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50
Boy's and Youth's Overcoats, $2.25, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, in Storm and Dress Overcoats.
Men's Very Heavy Merino Shirts and Drawers, - at 34c a piece.
An elegant Cheviot Suit in Blue and Black, at $4.75, as good as you can bup elsewhere for $7.00 or $8.00.
A Cassimere Suit at, - $5, as good as we had a year ago at $8.
An Extra Heavy Mixed Cassimere Suit, at $6, as good as we had a year ago at $10.
An All Wool Black Cheviot at $5.50, as good as we had a year ago at $8.
A Fine Black Diagonal Suit at - $8, would be cheap at $12.
Men's All Wool Cassimere Pants, - - - $1.50 a pair.
Finest Dress Pants, - - - - - from $2 to $4.
Children's Suits, Brown, Black and Blue Cheviots, from $1.25 up.
Children's Better Suits, at - - - - - - - $1.50
Boy's All Wool Extra Heavy Suit, at - - - $2.50

Shoes.

Men's Heavy Boots, $1.45, 1.50, 1.90, etc. Men's Dress Shoes, $1.24, and up, all warranted. A Men's Working Shoe at $1 up to $1.48. If they don't give satisfacion we will make it right.

We have the largest stock of all the above goods. Our prices will compete with New York and Philadelphia prices. We have opened a mail order department. If you cannot come and see us, write for prices and samples.

The greatest stock of Shoes in this part of the State. Ladies' Kid Shoes at 99c. Ladies genuine Dongola Kid Shoes, patent leather tip, opera toe, common sense toe, razor toe, $1.25 per pair, every pair warranted. A Ladies' very fine quality Dongola Kid, all the latest shapes, every pair warranted, at $1.39. Ladies' very fine Dongola Kid, McKay sewed, in all the different styles, at $1.90, every pair warranted. A still finer grade Dongola Kid, all the latest shapes, Goodyear Welt, as fine as hand made, at $2.40, every pair warranted.

A Price List is the best of Arguments. Figures and Quality will testify and convince where words fail. The prices and qualities we give you will hold and increase trade

LYON & CO.,

Bellefonte, - - - - - Penna.

CLEVAN DINGES,
General Insurance and Real Estate.
18 East Third St.
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNA.

Fire, Life, Accident and All Kinds of Insurance at Lowest Rates possible in first class Cash Companies.

Real estate bought, sold and exchanged. Your patronage invited and satisfaction guaranteed.

Write for terms or call at office.

HUMPHREYS'

Dr. Humphreys' Specifics are scientifically and carefully prepared Remedies, used for years in private practice and for over thirty years by the people with entire success. Every single Specific a special cure for the disease named.

NO.	SPECIFIC FOR	PRICES.
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations..	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic....	.25
3	Teething; Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults.....	.25
7	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
9	Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Constipation.	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods...	.25
12	Whites, Too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness.....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	.25
16	Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague.....	.25
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head.	.25
20	Whooping Cough.....	.25
27	Kidney Diseases.....	.25
28	Nervous Debility.....	1.00
30	Urinary Weakness.....	.25
34	Sore Throat, Quincy, Ulcerated Throat	.25

"77" DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC FOR GRIP, 25c.

Put up in small bottles of pleasant pellets, just fit your vest pocket.

Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL (Enlarged & Revised,) MAILED FREE.
HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

SPECIFICS.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

AFTER ALL OTHERS FAIL
Consult the Old Reliable Specialist **DR. LOBB**
329 N. 15th St. Below Callowhill Philadelphia, Pa.

Loss of manhood and the errors of youth and all diseases arising from excesses, abuse and imPrudence, are permanently cured by Dr. Lobb. Thirty years, continuous practice is a guarantee of his skill in treating special diseases of both sexes. If you want your constitution built up, your enfeebled system strengthened and your health restored, consult Dr. Lobb. Consultation and examination free and strictly confidential. During the last thirty years Dr. Lobb has cured thousands of cases of impotency and other genital diseases. Office hours, daily and Sundays, from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m., and 6 to 9 evenings. Send or call for free book on errors of youth and obscure diseases of both sexes.

Rochester Business University.

If you have the remotest idea of pursuing a BUSINESS or SHORTHAND course of study now or later, you should send right away for a beautiful cloth-bound book that tells about a **School of Business** more famous from ocean to ocean than any other on the continent. Invest a postal card. Address "R. B. U." ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PERSONS TO TRAVEL

WANTED.—Several faithful gentlemen and ladies to travel for established house.

SALARY $780.00 AND EXPENSES.

Position permanent if suited; also increase. State reference and enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

THE NATIONAL,
316-317-318 Omaha Bldg., Chicago.

B. C. ACHENBACH,
BELLEFONTE.
Baker, - Confectioner,
Caterer.

Wholesaleing Ice - - - - -
- - - - Cream a Specialty.

Ice Cream put up in any form, Molds, Bricks, and all latest designs, Easter Rabbits, etc.
Fine Display of Easter Goods.
Come and See.

HENCH & DROMGOLD'S
SAW MILL AND ENGINES

A wonderful improvement in **Friction Feeds** and **Gig-Back.** Back motion of Carriage **3 times** as fast as any other in the market. **Friction Clutch Feed,** causing all the feed gearing to stand still while backing; **great saving in power and wear.** Send 4 cents in stamps for large Catalogue and prices. Also **Spring Harrows, Hay Rakes, Cultivators, Corn Planters, Shellers,** etc. *Mention this paper.*
HENCH & DROMGOLD, Mfrs., York, Pa.

ALL DRUG STORES **TANSY PILLS!**
SAFE AND SURE. SEND 4c. FOR "WOMAN'S SAFE GUARD!" WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., PHILA., PA.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Coming and Going.—Visitors in and out of Town.

——D. F. Luse went to Altoona this week on a business trip.

——Mr. Zerby and his son James, of Decker valley, gave us a call.

——Samuel Harter, one Gregg twp's most esteemed citizens, gave our sanctum a call.

——Miss Martha Farner and Miss Slabig, of Centre Hill, favored our office with a call.

——We are pleased to say that Geo. Koch has become well enough to be around again.

——Mrs. Reifsnyder, of Millheim, is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. B. Boob.

——Mr. E. Emoery Hoy, of Philadelphia, spent several days this week in Centre Hall.

——Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Smith are spending several days with their son James at Madisonburg.

——Mr. Sidney Krumrine, of Rebersburg, visited at the home of Simon Harper yesterday.

——Mr. Jared B. Kreamer, of Boalsburg, was a prominent Centre Hall visitor on Wednesday.

——W. O. Rearick arrived home last Friday from an extensive trip over the state in the interests of his firm.

——Will Thompson, one of the best citizens of Potter's Mills, was in town on business, and gave us a handshake.

——Col. James P. Coburn, of Aaronsburg, was in Centre Hall on Saturday looking up his interests in this vicinity.

——William Wolf left for Pittsburg Monday morning to attend the U. S District Court, which convenes this week. He serves as a juror.

——Mrs. B. D. Brisbin left last week for Schenectedy, N. Y., on a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Harry Boone. She will remain some time.

——Mrs. W. W. Bayard, of Baltimore, arrived on Monday evening on a several weeks' visit to her father, Mr. Michael Strohm, at Centre Hill.

——Mr. James A. Keller, east of town, has been somewhat indisposed for the last two or three weeks. He is now improving and will soon be able to be around.

——Mr. Singer, the Democratic nominee for district attorney, gave us a call while on a canvass thro this valley; he tells us he finds things looking healthy politically, and no quibble or Quigley in it.

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been granted the past week:

J. B. Heberling, of Pine Grove Mills and Miss Arvilla Bloom, State College.

Frank F. Irwin and Cora M. Row, of Philipsburg.

Harvey A. Heaton, of Boggs township, and Nannie Moran, of Bellefonte.

John M. Beezer and Anna C. Murray, of Bellefonte.

Snyder Tate and Rebecca J. Garbrick of Coleville.

Charles Edward Wetzel and Catharine A. Miller, of Spring twp.

Robert Watkins, of Howard twp., and Melvina Fink, of Taylor twp.

Dropped Dead on the Street.

John C. Brown, a well-known Republican politician, residing in Gregg township, fell dead on the street in Lewisburg on Saturday. He had been in town attending the Republican county committee meeting. He was in the cavalry service during the war, and served as postmaster at Allenwood for several years.

Objects to Football.

The Lutheran Synod on Saturday discussed football. The synod, which keeps a sharp eye upon Gettysburg college, expressed regret that intercollegiate football was indulged in contrary to the suggestion made by last year's synod. This synod suggests that such contests be abandoned.

Henry Fry Still Missing.

Up to the time of going to press this, Thursday, morning, the missing man, Mr. Fry, has not been found. This is the tenth day since he disappeared.

Death at Spring Mills.

On Monday morning the wife of Charles Dillet, of Spring Mills, passed to the beyond, having been confined. Burial in the Georges valley cemetery this forenoon.

Rev. Rarick's Appointments.

Lutheran preaching next Sunday at Cross church, George's valley, at 2 p. m. At St. John's, 7 p. m.

Lost a Good Horse.

One of Alec McCoy's horses died a few days ago from the effects of a kick by one of his other horses.

Underwear and Gloves,

We wish to call your attention to the above named articles. Our stock is complete and our prices are the lowest. They are going fast.

WOLF & CRAWFORD.

—Wolf & Crawford, as usual, have the largest and best assortment of Fall and Winter goods ever brought to town. Don't fail to see them.

AARONSBURG.

News of the Past Week Given by Our Correspondent.

Harry Yearick, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday in town with his parents. He left for Centre Hall Monday afternoon, and started for Philadelphia Tuesday morning.

Henry Bower's wife died at Frogtown, just south of Millheim, on Tuesday morning after being sick a few days. She had been sick and before she had fully recovered went into the corn field and husked corn and had a relapse with fatal results. She was a daughter of Henry Swartz.

John H. Dutwiler expects to engage in the poultry business quite extensively. On the lots which he lately purchased from Mr. Wetzel he is erecting a large henery that will accommodate several hundred fowls.

Miss Mazie Forster went to Mifflinburg on Tuesday afternoon to attend the reception of Dr Stains, who married Miss Hoffa, of Lewisburg.

The study lamp of D. H. Rote took fire and only through the timely arrival of Mr. John Bower, the butcher, his building was saved from burning down.

LINDEN HALL.

Items of Interest Gathered by Our Correspondent.

The services at Rock Hill on Sunday evening last were well attended but very noisy occasioned by people coming in and going out during services, all of which was very annoying.

Mrs. John Williams of Oak Hall, was the guest of her sister Mrs. Wm. Keller on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. John Swab and daughter Mina, of Erie, Pa., are the guests of Mr. Swabs parents; they arrived on Saturday and will remain an indefinite time.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rishel of Oak Hall, spent Sunday at the home of Henry Zeigler.

Mr. and Mrs. Getz, of Lemont, were pleasant callers in our vicinity on Saturday last.

Master Hurshel Bratton has left our community and gone to his future home in Clearfield county.

Mrs. Elizabeth Merryman, who spent the summer with her sister Mrs. David Frantz, of this place, will leave this week for her home near Houtzdale.

Miss Annie Bradford, of Aaronsburg is domiciled at the home of her uncle, Philip Bradford, where she expects to stay for the winter and be a pupil in our schools.

Mr. John Cummings living on Miss Sue Neff's farm has to drive his cattle to Willow springs a distance of two miles from his home to water them, and Mr. Corls, one-fourth mile southeast of Linden Hall has to haul his water for daily use, and these are not all the farmers who are out of water.

Fine Work.

Bring your job work to the "Reporter" office for fine work and reasonable prices. Wedding invitations a specialty.

—Boots, Shoes and Rubbers in endless varieties. We would call special attention to our famous "Hickory" shoe; it cannot be excelled for durability. Try them.—Wolf & Crawford.

—Winter is coming, and Lyon & Co. want you to decide where you will buy your winter goods. Read their ad. on page five. A price list is the best argument where words fail.

GRAIN MARKET.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY B. D. BRISBIN.

Wheat	60
Rye	45
Corn	45
Oats	20
Barley	45
Buckwheat	

PRODUCE AT STORES.

Butter	18
Eggs	16
Lard	7
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	25
Sides	8

A Sufferer Cured

"Every season, from the time I was two years old, I suffered dreadfully from erysipelas, which kept growing worse until my hands were almost useless. The bones softened so that they would bend, and several of my fingers are now crooked from this cause. On my hand I carry large scars, which, but for

AYER'S Sarsaparilla, would be sores, provided I was alive and able to carry anything. Eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the spot and a persistent use of it has perfected the cure."—O. C. DAVIS, Wautoma, Wis.

AYER'S
THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR
Sarsaparilla

AYER'S PILLS Promote Good Digestion.

You Wonder

Why your friend is better dressed. You pay more for your clothes than he, but they never fit you so well—they never wear so long and never have the style, the chic, the certain something that shows clothes are just what they should be. Do you know that your friend is a customer of ours? Ask him, you will be sure to find such is the case. We not only sell you different clothes, better clothes, but also charge you less than others.

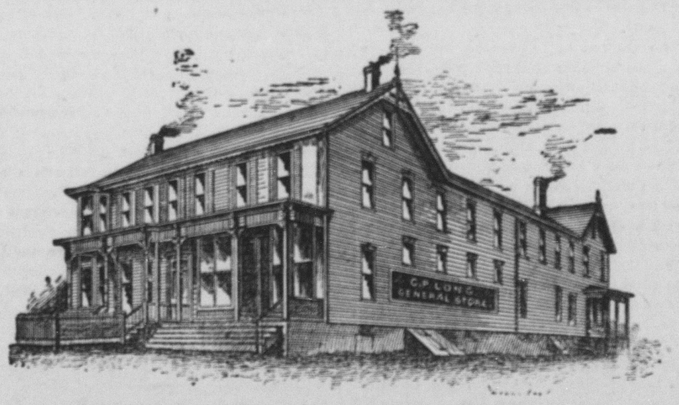
WE ARE SHOWING

A line of Men's Suits, twenty styles, at $7.50, that will cost from $10 to $12 elsewhere. Our Ten line is the crackerjack of the season. Not a style in the lot that you can duplicate in other stores for less than $15, and many of them will cost you as much as $17 and $18. We know this to be the truth and can convince you of the fact If you only make the comparison. See others, then see us, and you will be sure to save money.

FAUBLES.

Men's Outfitters. - - Bellefonte.

PENNS VALLEY BARGAIN STORE.



Ready For The Fall Trade.

Our stock for the Fall and Winter is now ready on our counters for your inspection.

Our well selected line of Men's, Boys' and Children's suits and overcoats is unsurpassed for style and variety of fabric, and our always popular low prices prevail.

A WORD TO THE LADIES.

Before purchasing your Fall and Winter

COATS, CAPES AND JACKETS,

It will be well for you to call and examine our line. We have been very careful in selecting our line of Ladies' Coats and Capes, and have succeeded in securing the very latest styles in the market.

OUR BOOT, SHOE AND RUBBER COUNTER

Is unequaled by that of any in the county. Having bought our stock before the advance on leather, we are now in position to save you from 20 to 40 per cent on them. We are also well stocked with

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Which we have in all qualities and all prices. See our Hats and Gent's Furnishings.

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Is the time to think of what you need for Fall and Winter in the way of Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Undermear, etc. We have prepared for you. Our many departments were never so complete as they are now. There has been a drop in the prices in all lines. Take advantage of it, and get the best for the lowest prices. Come soon and reap the benefit.

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Daniel C. Keller, Proprietor.
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This house has been newly furnished throughout. An excellent stable in connection with the house. Rates very reasonable Parties attending court and making an extended stay in Bellefonte an extra discount will be made. The table is provided with everything in season.

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New building, new furniture throughout, steam heat, electric bells and all modern improvements. Good table and moderate charges.

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Free bus to and from all trains.

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PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table, in effect May 19, 1895.

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

9.18 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 3.00 p. m., New York, 5.53 p m., Baltimore, 3.10 p m., Washington, 4.30 p. m. connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore. Parlor cars to Philadelphia.

1.20 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.23 p. m., New York. 9.23 p. m., Baltimore, 6 15 p. m., Washington at 7.30 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.04 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre. Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 11.15 p m., New York 3.53 a. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

7.58 p. m.—Train 6. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.30 a. m., New York at 7.23 a m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4. (Daily.) For Sunbury Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving a Philadelphia at 6.52 a. m., New York, 9.33 a. m. week days, 10.35 a. m. Sunday, Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.40, a m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.37 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester Buffalo, Erie, Elmira and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars to Erie and Elmira, and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17 a. m.—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday. For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.59 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.45 p. m.—Train 13. (Daily except Sunday) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a m, Baltimore 4.45 a m, Harrisburg 8.15 a m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7 25 a. m. Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10 17 a m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a m, Washington 7.50 a m, Baltimore 8.53 a m, Willkesbarre 10.15 a m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.30 a m, Phila., 12.25 p m; Washington at 10,30 a m, Baltimore at 11.40 a m, Wilkesbarre, 3.17 p m, arriving at Montandon at 5.59 p m, week days, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 13 leaves New York at 2.10 p m, week days, 2 00 p. m Sunday, Philadelphia 4,40 p m, week days, 4.30 p. m., Sundays, Washington 8.15 p m, Baltimore 4.45 p m, arriving at Moutandon 9.45 p m. Through Parlor Car and passenger coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p m, Philad 11.20 p m, Washington 10.40 p m, Baltimore, 11.50 p m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 5.37 a m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila., Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	P.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
1 58		5 40	Montandon	9 10		4 55
2 08		6 15	Lewisburg	9 00		4 47
2 17		6 23	Biehl	8 52		4 39
2 22		6 28	Vicksburg	8 47		4 35
2 31		6 37	Mifflinburg	8 38		4 27
2 43		6 50	Millmont	8 25		4 15
2 51		6 58	Glen Iron	8 17		4 07
3 20		7 27	Paddy Mountain	7 48		3 40
3 30		7 38	Coburn	7 38		3 30
3 37		7 45	Zerby	7 30		3 23
3 47		7 55	Rising Spring	7 21		3 14
3 53		8 02	Penn Cave	7 14		3 07
4 01		8 09	Centre Hall	7 06		3 01
4 07		8 16	Gregg	7 00		2 54
4 13		8 23	Linden Hall	6 52		2 47
4 18		8 28	Oak Hall	6 47		2 42
4 22		8 32	Lemont	6 43		2 37
4 27		8 37	Dale Summit	6 38		2 33
4 37		8 47	Piessant Gap	6 28		2 23
4 40		8 50	Axemann	6 25		2 20
4 45		8 55	Bellefonte	6 20		2 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 1.15, 5 45 and 7.40 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a. m, 10.19 a m. 5.07 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8 00 p m

On Sundays trains leave Montandon 10.18 a. m. and 8.00 p. m., returning leave Lewisburg 10.23 a. m. and 8.05 p. m.

S. M. PREVOST, General Manager. J. R. WOOD Gen'l Pas'ger Agt.

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13. PREPARATORY COURSE; One year.

Fall term opens Sept. 11, 1895. Examinations for admission, Sept. 13.

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The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. D. Murray Druggist.

THE NEWS.

Miss Nellie Easley, a handsome and highly cultured young lady, twenty-one years old, of Mount Washington, Ky., committed suicide by hanging herself. She placed a rope over a limb of a tree, got on a chair, and, placing the noose over her head, kicked the chair from under her. Unreciprocated affection caused her to commit the rash act.——A. K. Ward, secretary, treasurer and manager of the Memphis Barrel and Heading Company of Memphis, Tenn., has disappeared, leaving outstanding forged papers to the extent, it is said, of $100,000, of which $37,000 is held in New York; $11,000 in Chicago, and various amounts by local banks——Fire in the main hoisting slope of the Oregon Improvement Company's mine, at Franklin, Wash., causing the death of John H. Glover, S. W. Smalley, John Adams and James Stafford. The accident was caused by August Johnson, who dropped his lamp, setting fire to a feeder of gas.——Five colored persons were shot—one probably fatally—in a fight at a cakewalk near Moorestown, N. J. The strike of the toolmakers in the bicycle shops in Toledo, O., has resulted in a lockout, throwing 5,000 men out of work.——By direction of Attorney General Harmon, Mr. Townsend, collector of the port at Wilmington, returned the cases of arms and ammunition taken from the alleged filibusters.

West Brothers' knitting mill at Newport N. Y., was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at $42,000; insurance was $38,000.——James Fitzpatrick fell 450 feet near Nanticoke, Pa., and was instantly killed.——At Cleveland the National Carriage Builders Association decided to meet next year at St. Louis.——Three men were killed and others wounded by the explosion of dynamite in Flat Creek, Ky.——C. H. Stuckel, cashier of the State Bank of Duluth, and $15,030 of the bank's money are missing.——John H. Bowen, aged fifty-five, shot his wife fatally and killed himself in Philadelphia.——At Philadelphia Francis P. Green was sentenced to one year at hard labor for the embezzlement of $175 from the Prudential Insurance Company of America, by which he had been employed as agent in Philadelphia. Green was captured in Auburn, Me.—Alfred Clymer was convicted of murder in the first degree at Mount Holly, N. J. He killed Mrs. Bridget Doyle.——The Anglesea Hotel at Anglesea, N. J., was burned. Loss $75,000.——Two schooners collided off Chatham, Mass., and one was sunk. The crew was saved.——James Dixon, charged with being implicated in a murder, killed himself at Buffalo.——Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, made a speech before the American Bankers' Association at Atlanta.——A volcano is in operation in the Olympian Mountains.——The British steamer Lord Spencer, 190 days out from San Francisco for Liverpool, has not been heard from.——Aaron South was shot and instantly killed near Huntington, W. Va., by Issac Dotson. South was in love with Dotson's daughter.——The dead body of Mr. George young was found on a lot in Hanover, Pa., and a revolver was nearby.

J. A. Fillmore has been made general superintendent of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.——At Easton, Pa., Herman Stoll, of Mauch Chunk, was arrested on complaint of United States Postoffice Inspector Anthony Comstock, of New York, charging him with sending through the mails information telling where certain obscene, lewd and lascivious literature could be obtained. The accused furnished $2,000 for a hearing before United States Commissioner Kirkpatrick, of Easton.——Rev. Frank Hyatt Smith, of Cambridge, Mass., was charged at Denver with sending defamatory letters through the mails.——The headquarters of the Republican League will be moved from Chicago to Washington.——Maurice Perkins jumped from a window in Indianapolis, and was fatally injured.——Senator Elkins and ex-Senator H. G. Davis has proposed to give money and land to establish a Presbyterian college at Elkins, W. Va.——Typhoid fever is prevalent about Salem, W. Va.——Jefferson Ellis, colored, after being mutilated in a most horrible manner by a mob at Memphis, was hanged to a telegraph pole. He was charged with assaulting a little girl on October 5.——Because their request for higher wages was refused one hundred weavers in the Givernaud silk mill at Allentown, Pa., struck. They were paid five and seven cents per yard, respectively, on French and jacquard looms, and demanded ten and twelve.——An order has been issued for the opening of the Canadian canals on Sundays during the remainder of the season.——W. F. Good, fireman, and J. Q. Woodring, brakeman, were killed in a railroad collision near Altoona, Pa.

Walter Ross, a colored boy, of Bridgeville, Del., drank two gallons of apple jack and is expected to die.——A monument erected by the Bucks County Historical Society at Washington's Crossing, Taylorsville, near Yardley, Pa., was dedicated with imposing ceremonies, an historical address being made by General W. S. Stryker, of Trenton.——The One Hundred and Forty-third Regiment, P. V., dedicated their monument on Cemetery Ridge, at Gettysburg, with becoming ceremonies.——David Roderick and Robert Davis were seriously hurt by the engineer losing control of his engine while lowering miners into the Empire shaft at Wilkes-Barre, Pa.——Virginia oyster police arrested two captains of oyster boats, and they were fined for violation of the oyster laws.——A fire on the Midway at the Atlanta Exposition caused considerable excitement but little loss.——W. W. Rupert was fatally shot while hunting at Spencerville, O. The gun of his companion was accidentally discharged, the charge striking Rupert in the breast. Rupert is the well-known minor league ball player, and played with the Kansas City and other teams during the season just ended.——William A. Keir, a sixteen-year-old colored boy, who is wanted in Richmond, Va., on the charge of having murdered Nisbey Boyd, August 13, was arrested in Boston. He was identified by means of a scar on his left arm. He has consented to return to Richmond without a requisition.

The Havana correspondent of the London Times is convinced that Captain-General Campos is preparing for a detailed occupation of the Island of Cuba to last for a year or longer.

Dr. Ellenbogen, of Vienna, the Austrain delegate to the socialist congress now in session in Breslau, was arrested on the ground that he is an obnoxious foreigner.

FROM WASHINGTON

Brazil's Reported Recognition of the Belligerents.

WALLER'S IMPRISONMENT.

Flaws in the Record of His Trial That May Result in His Release From the French Fortress. —About Venezuela.

The cable report from Buenos Ayres of Brazil's willingness under certain circumstances to recognize the Cubans as belligerents is causing much comment in official circles in Washington, although cable inquiries have not yet brought either confirmation or denial.

Under ordinary circumstances little reliance is placed in the Brazilian reports coming via Buenos Ayres, but in this case it is known than an extensive agitation in favor of the Cuban insurgents has been going on recently through Brazil. The Brazilian papers up to the 25th ult. have been received by officials, and show that the press and public have been besieging the Brazilian Congress, now in session, to recognize the Cuban insurgents.

EX-CONSUL WALLER'S FATE.

It has been understood all along that the fate of Ex-Consul Waller, who is still held in imprisonment by the French at Marseilles hinged on the proceedings of the court-martial which sentenced him, and, therefore, the State Department has directed its efforts mainly to obtaining a copy of the record of the court. Now that the record is in Paris, a careful examination of the documents is being made, and already there have been developed some points, in the nature of what may be fatal flaws, that in the end may form the basis of a demand for release of the prisoner.

In at least two points it has been found that the proceedings of the court martial were in violation of the French law, and if such a case arose in the United States this would be sufficient ground for the setting aside of the proceedings and the sentence, and the release of Waller.

In the first place, the court was composed of five officers, whereas the French military regulations are said to require at least seven persons to sit on the court. But more important than this, it has been discovered that Waller was not really tried as charged, but that as the trial progressed evidence was taken on another charge not included in the original matter, and that it was upon what might be called a supplementary, but irregular charge, that Waller was convicted. Aside from the other points in the case, this matter of irregularity of the proceedings may in the end go far to make up the case of our government, as presented through Ambassador Eustis.

STILL SILENT ABOUT VENEZUELA.

Even after the practical confirmation from British sources of the statement that the State Department had addressed a strong letter upon the Venezuelan boundary dispute to Ambassador Bayard for delivery to the British Foreign Office, the officials at the State Department refuse to make any admission touching the subject.

The guarded and evidently inspired comment of the leading British newspaper upon this letter has attracted serious attention among the diplomatic body here, and they see in it a good deal of significance, and possibly a threat of grave complications to follow.

The statement that is held to be of particular significance is that the British Government regards the views set forth in Secretary Olney's letter as so important that a long time must be taken for its consideration. As there is nothing new to Great Britain, especially in an enunciation in a mild form of the Monroe Doctrine, it is assumed here that the only purpose of delaying a response which the terms of the letter indicated would be gratefully received, if sent promptly, is to afford the British Government an opportunity to consult some of the other great European powers upon this subject.

Most of these powers are concerned in the fortunes of American States, some directly, as France and Spain, through their colonial possessions, and others through heavy investments of their citizens in securities and concessions.

The doctrine laid down by Secretary Olney, if carried to its logical conclusion, probably would estop any interference by force on the part of a European power in the affairs of an American republic, and also, as in the case of Venezuela, which may find a parallel in the case of the boundary dispute between France and Brazil, prevent any of these European nations from extending their colonial possessions in this hemisphere. Therefore, it is believed by some diplomats to be within the range of possibility that Great Britain may have in contemplation a union with some of the other European powers in a joint refusal to accept the doctrine laid down by Monroe.

SEVENTY-SIX INJURED.

A Passenger Train Wrecked Near Bluefield, W. Va.

A passenger train on the Norfolk & Western Railroad was wrecked by a broken frog between Bluefield and Kenova, W. Va. The baggage and mail car and the second-class coach were thrown from the track and then ditched.

Seventy-six passengers were in the car, and all were more or less injured. P. P. Dillon, Mayor of Pocahontas, W. Va., was badly hurt; also R. L. Coney, of the Greenbrier Coal Company, and F. L. Shaffer, baggage master.

Liliuokalani, the deposed Queen of Hawaii, had a good many curious characteristics, one of the most pronounced of which was a perfect passion for the collection of rope knots made by sailors of different nationalities who visited her domain.

COREA'S UPRISING.

Particulars of the Revolt, in Which the Queen Was Probably Killed.

Information of the formidable uprising in Corea, resulting in the disappearance and probable death of the Queen and the landing of military forces by the United States and European powers has been received by Minister Kurino, of Japan, at the legation in Washington, from the foreign office at Tokio and is quite sensational.

United States marines were landed from the Yorktown to the number of sixteen. It is believed also that British marines have been landed. Besides these, the Japanese have a considerable force of soldiers at Seoul who have been preserving order.

It appears that the trouble had its inception through the Queen's dislike of the newly organized soldiers of Corea. The old soldiers had the primitive equipment of the far East. But with the progress of Japanese influence in Corea two battalions of Corean troops were organized on modern methods. Each battalion numbered six hundred men, armed with modern weapons. They were well drilled and officered.

When the Queen showed her disfavor toward these new troops, they appealed to the Tai-Won-Kun, a powerful chief who has long been at enmity with the Queen. He accepted the leadership of the new troops, and at the head of one battalion entered the Queen's palace. Native soldiers fled from the palace. The Tokio dispatches do not state specifically what become of the Queen further than that she has disappeared and cannot be located. The officials are inclined to believe however, that the unofficial reports of the Queen's death are true. The Japanese government, the dispatches further state, has acted quickly on the reports and has appointed a commission to inquire into the facts. In the meantime it is emphatically denied that the Queen's death, if it has occurred, was due to the Japanese. One report is that a Japanese soshi killed the Queen. This is not yet confirmed. The officials say that the soshi are an irresponsible and lawless class, and that their acts cannot be laid to the Japanese people or government.

The latest indications are that the Tai-Won Kun and the King are in control of affairs at the Corean capital. The King has been the nominal ruler, but the Queen has heretofore been recognized as the real ruler. The influence of the King and the Tai-Won-Kun are distinctly favorable to the Japanese.

BACK IN WASHINGTON.

The President and His Family Returns to the Capital.

The Presidential family was reunited in Washington Tuesday evening. President Cleveland reached the city by water in the afternoon and Mrs. Cleveland and the children arrived by train over the Pennsylvania railroad at 9.40 o'clock.

About 4 o'clock the steam yacht Oneida, with the President, Private Secretary Thurber and Commodore E. C. Benedict, docked at the Seventh-street wharf, where carriages were in waiting to convey them to the Executive Mansion.

The trip from Lower New York Bay, was accomplished just about on schedule time. The weather was rather rough until the Delaware Capes were passed, but all the party stood the voyage well and reported promptly at every meal. While on the way up the Potomac River a stop was made at Indian Head, where a telephone message was sent to the White House officials notifying them to have carriages on hand to meet the party.

The trip was an enjoyable one, and the faces of the members of the party bear evidence to their exposure to the sea air. The President's summer outing at Gray Gables had a very beneficial effect on him, and he returns invigorated and refreshed for the winter's work at the Capital.

The Chief Executive will have but a brief rest, in a few days he goes to Atlanta to pay a visit to the Cotton States and International Exposition.

With the return of the President the business of the administration will be resumed and attended to with care and expedition until the advent of warm weather in 1896.

For the past two weeks officials have been returning and getting themselves and their affairs in readiness for business by the time of the return of the President. Extended leaves of absence during the summer by leading Government officials have become the accepted rule. They are taken as a matter of course, when but a few years ago not even the President would have ventured to leave the National Capital for several months.

During the past several months only the merest routine business has been carried on by the Government, and, on some occasions, the departments wore a deserted appearance.

COLLISION NEAR ALTOONA.

A Water Train Run Down by a Freight —Two Men Killed.

Two men were killed, one fatally and several slightly injured in a wreck on the Martinsburg branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad near Altoona.

The wreck occurred between the Martinsburg mixed train, hauling milk and Altoona shop workmen, and a water train, a mile west of Altoona. The water train, consisting of several tank cars, had been ordered to proceed to the "Y" switches, near Hollidays-burg, to get water for the Altoona shops, and was just pulling from a siding to the main track when the Martinsburg train came around the curve at full speed. The collision completely demolished both locomotives and derailed several of the tank cars. The passenger cars kept the track.

A confusion of orders is responsible for the accident, which is the most serious that ever occurred on the Altoona Division. The hauling of water to the Altoona shops was made necessary by the drought.

TROOPS BLOWN UP.

Six Hundred Reported Killed in an Explosion on a Steamship.

An explosion occurred on a steamship at Kung-Pai, near Kinchow, China. The steamship was loaded with troops, and it is reported that 600 of them were killed.

THE BIG SHOW.

Cotton States Exposition Now in Full Blast.

GREAT SUCCESS ASSURED.

The Southern Metropolis Has Redeemed All Her Pledges—An Exhibition of the Marvelous Growth of the South.

The great Cotton States Exposition is in full swing, the gates wide open, and an endless throng of sightseers gazing from morning until night upon its varied spectacles. The success of the big show, far beyond the hopes of its most sanguine projectors, is fully assured.

Atlanta's rivals, appreciating its remarkable enterprise, have stigmatized it as the Yankee City of the South. This Exposition, it is hoped, will have the effect of stimulating other Southern cities to emulate the example of Atlanta.

Vast preparations have been made by private citizens of all ranks to entertain their friends. The city clubs have constructed additions to their houses, and a carnival of social gayety has already been inaugurated. Care has been taken, as far as possible, to prevent the practices of extortion which have been common at other expositions, and entertainment is being provided at reasonable cost, so that persons of limited means may enjoy the fair.

While the Atlanta Exposition will have no souvenir half dollar, other and more souvenirs are obtainable. Cotton grown in the Exposition grounds is picked, ginned, woven into clothes for men and women, all within one day's current exhibition of the show.

The early promise of this great exposition has been more than fulfilled in the varied fields of industry represented. The Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building is of immense proportions and arranged to meet every requirement necessary to a proper exhibit of what will be therein shown. So great has been the pressure for space in this building, the Directors of the Exposition were long ago compelled to decline receiving further exhibits. Great care has been taken in the construction and arrangement of this building, and it is regarded as one of the best works of the Exposition. In view of the fact that the space in this building was so early taken up, the Georgia manufacturers were compelled to erect a separate building in which to make their own exhibits.

The Machinery Building, as might be well imagined, has been constructed to meet all the requirements. It is above all things substantial and occupies as much space as an average block in New York City.

The varied architecture of the Mineral and Forestry Building is very pleasing and graceful. It is of composite order, and pronounced to be superior generally to the Forestry Building at the Chicago Exposition. Particular attention has been paid to light and ventilation, and upon the top of the tower a magnificent roof garden has been constructed with restaurant provided so that visitors may have a commanding view of the Exposition grounds with refreshments ready at hand. The staircase leading up to the roof-garden is constructed of natural Southern woods, and is said by experts to be the handsomest of its kind in the world.

The Transportation Building is admirably constructed and delightfully situated, fronting as it does on Clara Mere, a splendid body of water covering more than thirty acres. This building is devoted to exhibits of railroads, railroad supplies, and all matters pertaining to land transportation, showing the advance in this state of art.

The Electricity Building also fronts Clara Mere. It is massive structure, and proves of unusual interest to sightseers on account of the astounding progress made in electricity and electrical appliances even since the Exposition at Chicago. The entire electrical work of the Exposition has been designed by Mr. Stieringer, a well-known expert who has designed, among other things, an electrical fountain, the largest and most elaborate ever constructed.

A WILD ELECTRIC CAR.

Ran Away and Killed Three People Near Carnegie, Pa.

By an accident on the Carnegie branch of the West End Traction Road, near Carnegie, three people were killed and twelve or fourteen people badly injured.

The accident happened to car No. 56, on the long hill coming into West End, on its way to Pittsburg. Just as the car started down on the heavy grade the brake broke, and it was soon beyond control of the motormen.

The speed became terrific, and when a sharp curve near the foot of the hill was reached, the car made a wonderful leap, landing, trucks uppermost, in McCarthy's Run, sixty-eight feet below the track grade.

The accident occurred at a lonely spot, and it was quite awhile before assistance reached the sufferers, who were wedged tightly in the wreck, which was most complete.

When the conductor saw that the car was beyond control, he lay down on the floor and advised the others to follow his example. The killed were found wedged under the roof of the car which had been smashed in upon them. The escape of any of those on the car was miraculous.

FOUR MEN DROWNED.

Tried to Cross the Patapsco in a Rowboat, Which Capsized.

Four men were drowned by the capsizing of a pleasure boat in the middle branch of the Patapsco River, near Baltimore.

All the men were residents of Baltimore, and with two companions attempted to cross the river from Ferry Bar to Meter's Pavilion, in Anne Arundel county. A strong east wind made the water very rough, and when about half way across the boat began to fill. The men became frightened, and in a moment the frail craft went over leaving the pleasure-seekers struggling in the water.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Epitome of News Gleaned From Various Parts of the State.

Two boys, Thomas Gordon and John McFarland, of New York, aged 11 and 12 years respectively, were found in a Central Railroad box car at Easton. Both were scantily clothed, the latter being barefooted. At police headquarters they said they got into a box car at Jersey City and were locked up in the car all day. They denied having run away.

While dozing at the bedside of his sick wife robbers entered the home of William Van Horne, living near New Pulaski. Van Horne awoke when the burglars began rifling his pockets and in the struggle that followed Van Horne was pushed on a red hot stove. The robbers ran and Van Horne shot at them three times as they left the house. Only $6 was obtained, $100 being overlooked in their search of the house.

Mrs. Oscar Miller arose and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast, taking her baby daughter, Esther, with her. She left a lighted lamp at the head of the kitchen stairway, and forgot to close the door. The little one unobserved by the mother, crawled up the stairway and pulled the lamp over and in an instant was in flames. The mother reached her in time to smother the flames, but the little one died in a few minutes.

A daring highway robbery was perpetrated four miles north of Carbondale. H. E. Taylor and John Scott were drivers of Mr. Taylor's home, in Forest City. They left there at 12 o'clock and had driven for about an hour when three masked men suddenly appeared. One held the horse and the others rifled the pockets of the travelers. A diamond ring valued at $300, a diamond stud valued at $100 and $72 in cash were taken.

An 18-months-old child of Albert Wood of the Lebanon Valley House, was terribly scalded by boiling water at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Louis Hubley, of Lebanon, and may die. Mrs. Hubley accidentally knocked a tea kettle from the stove upon which it was standing and the water deluged the child from head to foot.

Frank Sigman, of Easton, who broke into Cornell & Michler's grocery store two weeks ago and stole a lot of groceries, was sentenced to four years solitary confinement in the Eastern Penitentiary by Judge Scott. By the same Judge, John Gallagher, arrested for stealing a pair of shoes in South Bethlehem, was sentenced to one year. Gallagher, who is 60 years old, and lives in Pittsburg, says he was out of work, was trying to find it, had been unsuccessful and took the shoes because he needed them.

Mrs. John Kutzbard was probably fatally shot while picking coal from the culm bank at White's Colliery Mt. Carmel. The man who fired the shot was John Zushock, who was returning home from a hunting expedition. Realizing the result of his act he fled to the mountains, where he is now in hiding.

Patrick Rafter was killed in the Meadow Brook shaft, Scranton. He was a miner and was at work in his chamber, when an immense quantity of rock fell, killing him instantly. His laborer, a Polander, sustained a fracture of the skull by the fall and is in a dangerous condition.

Mayor Nichols has commenced a crusade against all the so-called fortune-tellers in Wilkesbarre and has instructed the police to arrest all clairvoyants, palmists and other people of their class. A woman known as the "Gypsy Queen," otherwise Annie E. Molasko, a Mexican, left town in preference to furnishing $400 bail for court.

George Moyer, a resident of Reading, was killed at the passenger depot at Parkersford, five miles east of Pottstown. He was in the act of getting on the passenger train just as it was pulling out of the station west bound when he slipped and pitched headlong under the wheels and his head was cut off by the wheels.

Three artesian wells at Oneida ceased to give their usual supply of water. Since being put down five years ago the quantity of water coming from these openings never showed a sign of lessening until the present time. They are 1350 feet deep and were bored upon the advice of Eckley B. Coxe who foresaw the growing scarcity of water in the mining region.

Mrs. Lillian M. Garner, wife of Edward U. Garner, a well known railroad man, attempted to commit suicide at their home in Columbia. She was lying in her bed, an empty four-ounce bottle of laudanum by her side and a half-emptied pint flask of whiskey under her pillow. Physicians worked with her for several hours before they brought her out of danger.

A shocking fatality occurred at the Richmondale Colliery, four miles above Carbondale. Michael Fritz, a carpenter, was engaged in constructing culm conveyers near the top of a large culm chute. In some unaccountable manner he lost his footing and was precipitated into the death-trap below. The moment he fell he was beyond human help. The culm immediately covered him and he was smothered to death. The chute was thirty feet long and he was forced through its entire length.

The threshing on the big farms in Cumberland county belonging to the United States Government and which are used in teaching Indians agricultural employment, has been completed. The yield was twenty bushels to the acre, and, considering the Summer's drought, is a fair crop. The Indian farms, like many others in Cumberland county, have produced only a half crop of potatoes.

The Forest Oil Company, a producing branch of the Standard, has bought in a big "gasser" in their territory in the Masontown field. The strike was made on the Gilmore farm at a depth of two thousand feet. Expert oil men who have visited the well say the pressure is as strong as the famous Rider well not far from it, which has supplied this town for seven years. The engine has been moved back and the drilling will be commenced if possible in the hope of striking oil or a greater gas pressure.

While Howard Hite was taking his sister, Mrs. Joseph Croft, and three small children from Roaring Springs to their home in Taylor Township, the horses was scared by a man lying in the roadside and turning short ran off. Mr. Hite, Mrs. Croft and one child were thrown out with great violence and Mrs. Croft was instantly killed, while the others were seriously injured.

In Corea the anti-reform party has broken into the palace and the Queen's life is said to be in danger.

ELLIS LYNCHED.

Punishment of a Colored Man in Tennessee.

CONFESSED TO HIS CRIMES.

Jefferson Ellis Hanged to a Telegraph Pole After His Ears and Fingers Had Been Cut Off, and He Was Otherwise Mutilated.

Jefferson Ellis was hanged to a telegraph pole by 350 men within 200 yards of the scene of his crime, in Memphis, Tenn. Before hanging the man the mob cut off both his ears and all of his fingers and mutilated him in a horrible manner. The mob, with their prisoner, reached the home of his victim, Miss Prater, soon after midnight. The young woman identified him as her assailant. As soon as this was done an armed squad of men took Ellis from Constable Farrow and started with him for the pike, where the public road crosses the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. A big fire had been built at the place and around it the mob gathered in a circle.

The handcuffed man was forced to kneel before the fire. The leaders of the mob told Ellis to pray, but he only looked at them in a stupid manner. Being told that he was about to die he raised his voice in a hymn. By the time he finished the fiercer element were in control of the mob. Cries of "Burn him" were heard on all sides.

Amid the shouts of the mob a man jumped to his side with a drawn knife in his hand. "Cut off his ears," they cried. "Give me a finger," shouted one man. "I want a thumb," cried another.

The better element in the crowd drew off at this time and said they were not in favor of doing anything but hanging the man. Their protests were not noticed. Being urged on by the fiercest in the crowd, the man with the knife cut off the right ear and held up the bleeding member in full view of the crowd. The man screamed, but his other ear was cut off a few moments later.

The mob became maddened at the sight of this work and those who were doing the mutilating found ample encouragement. They next cut off all his fingers and tearing away parts of his clothing, they mutilated him in a horrible manner.

The man was covered with blood and his head looked like it had been scalped. The mob compelled him to stand up so all the crowd could see him. Finally, some thirty-five minutes after the torture, the rope was put around his neck. The telegraph pole was seventy-five feet away. The free end of the long rope was taken by a man who quickly climed the telegraph pole and threw it over the crossarm. The crowd jerked him to the foot of the pole and while the mob shouted he was swung to the cross-arm.

The man was lowered to the ground and his head was cut from his body with pocket-knives. The noose was then put over the feet and the headless body was again swung up. A placard was put on his body bearing these words: Death to the man who cuts him down before 6.30 this evening.

The point where the lynching occurred is a cross-road called Clifton Summit. The mob dispersed after doing its work.

Jeff Ellis, on the afternoon of October 5, criminally assaulted Miss Bettie Prater in the presence of her two little sisters. He escaped from a mob which had gathered to lynch him that night, but he was pursued unremittingly until he was captured Monday near Mount Pleasants, Miss. He confessed to the assault upon Miss Prater, to the assault and murder of a Mrs. Wilcox, of the same neighborhood, two years ago, and to an attempted assault upon a little girl in Mississippi while he was trying to escape from the mob.

VOLCANOES IN ALASKA.

A Dozen Pillars of Fire Simultaneously Visible at Night.

The revenue cutter Commodore Perry has returned from the Northern Sea, where twenty of the forty volcanoes in the Aleutian chain are now active. The line of islands lying between the Bering sea and the Pacific ocean belong to the United States, and on them are probably the only active volcanoes lying within American territory. The brighter columns show up in the cold Alaska night first, and as it grows darker other vivid curls of smoke are to be seen at greater distances. Sometimes, when the position of the observer is advantageous; a dozen or fifteen of these pillars of fire are in sight.

As proof the mighty power that is at work beneath the islands, a neck of land has been forced up out of the sea between Bogalov and Old Bogalov and the two islands are one. It is a queer-looking land. One of the passes is shown on the chart as connecting Bering sea with the greater ocean to the southward. The rocks in this neck are manifestly of volcanic origin—black and smooth in surface as if once melted.

INSURRECTION IN KOREA.

The King Deposed and Japanese Sympathizers in Power.

The Paris correspondent of the London Standard says that the Herald's Seoul dispatch reports that the Japanese troops were at the gates of the palace during the butchery incident upon the uprising of the anti-foreigners, headed by Tai-Ron-Kin, father of the King of Korea. There was nothing to show that the Japanese minister was aware of the plot. The King is a prisoner, and his father has been proclaimed dictator. A new cabinet has been constituted of Japanese elements. The Queen's officials have fled. The Japanese Soshi has been arrested for the murder of the Queen.

A Shanghai dispatch to the London Times says that her majesty's cruiser, Edgar, has suddenly been ordered to Chemulpo, where she will land a force of marines.

It is reported from Pekin that some of the Mohammedan rebels in the province of Kansu have captured the city of Lan Chau, the capital of the province.

SONG.

The song we never sung,
The pine-trees sigh in chorus;
The eyes our eyes must shun
Our hearts keep still before us.

The rose we gathered not
Blooms in the soul forever,
And hands ne'er joined in life
Death has no power to sever
—Lilla Cabot Perry, in the Century.

MONTANA BILL.

It was evident that something of uncommon interest had been arranged for the meeting that evening at the headquarters of the Salvation Army in San Francisco. Throughout the large attending crowd the spirit of expectancy moved uneasily, but with muffled wings; its energy stirred not only by divers vagrant rumors on the street, but also by many flowers and foliage plants which hampered the stage.

After some preliminary religious exercises conducted by the brigadier, a man with a clean face, a clear eye and a coaxing voice, that gentleman made the following speech:

"You doubtless all read at the time of its publication a telegram from Butte, Mont., announcing the distressing experience of our brave little sister, Cadet Annie Smith, who was so great a favorite with us here before she was assigned to duty at Butte."

There was an amused twinkle in the brigadier's eyes, but in the audience there was a spreading titter.

"Well," resumed the brigadier, "our noble little sister, with the help of God, passed safely through the ordeal, as most of you are aware, but as it is a part of our plan to confess publicly our errors and shortcomings I will ask Cadet Smith to give you the true and full account of what happened to her at Butte."

A faint clapping of hands, a vociferous "God bless Cadet Smith!" here and there and a removal of some of the restraints which muffled the wings of the spirit of expectancy greeted the ascent to the platform of a small, lithe young figure arrayed in the sombre blue and quaint poke bonnet of the army. Her face was a glowing crimson as she faced the audience, but her eyes were bright and her glance was firm, and the vigor of a strong and sturdy soul lent a certain grace of freedom to her pose.

"After I had served several months selling War Crys in San Francisco," she began with a steady voice which had acquired that plaintive quality so common the hard workers in the cause, "I was sent to Butte, where there was a small corps of workers. They had become discouraged, and it was thought that my experience would help them a little. I didn't know that Butte was so different from San Francisco, and the members of the corps there didn't know it either, because they had never worked anywhere else. That is why they didn't tell me some things that I wish I had known more about.

"I started out the first day with about 200 War Crys. They looked surprised at the corps headquarters when I asked for so many, but I thought I could sell them.

"Of course, I went into the hardest part of the town, and after I had visited one or two saloons and failed to sell a copy, I went into another one. A good many men were gambling. I had never seen anything but card playing in San Francisco, but they had wheels of fortune and a great many other things to gamble with. Several men were drinking at the bar. I went among them all and asked them to buy the paper, but they simply stared at me in wonder. The games began to stop, and then a big, fine looking man with a broad-brimmed hat came up to me and said—and he said—he said: 'Hello, little Parson Sally, what do you want?' He said it just like that. He was so big and his voice was so deep—and—and he was so——"

"Out with it, Cadet!" cried a half dozen voices in the audience as the girl broke down, stammering and blushing.

"Handsome!" she added desperately, as though the saying of the word was a cross between martyrdom and the confession of a mortal sin. Great applause and laughter followed this declaration with an occasional "God bless Cadet Annie!" This so overwhelmed the girl that her lips trembled and tears sprang to her eyes and she cast a despairing, appealing glance toward one peculiar spot before her in the audience where she had not had the courage to look before. That single look was sufficient to rivet the bonds of decorum which had held a giant in restraint, and the uprising of a towering frame sent the brigadier's programme and discipline tumbling into chaos. The tall man approached and mounted the platform with the stride of a grenadier, while Cadet Annie gazed at him with a dismay which was still inefficient to quench the light of the stars that shone all the brighter in her eyes now that her cheeks had paled. Simultaneously a startled hush fell upon the audience, for although the familiar uniform of the Salvation Army sat upon the man's splendid frame, he was a stranger to all, and there was a commanding air about him that stilled all sounds.

He stalked to the girl's side and stood there facing the big crowd like a lion at bay in defence of his lair. And an uncommonly handsome man he was, with swarthy face, jet black wavy hair worn long, and formidable black mustache and imperial. These two made a strange picture as they stood side by side, she so small and seemingly so frail, he so tall and muscular and competent; she looking up at him, he ignoring her and sweeping the hall with a glance half of defiance, half of benignancy, and wholly of strength and mastery. When the man spoke his voice rolled forth in those rounded billows that in a rich diapason sing the mysteries of the deep.

"My friends," he said, "with God's help and the brigadier's consent"—which he never took the trouble to secure—"it seems too hard for this poor child to tell what happened to her in the gambling house at Butte that day. I was there when it happened and saw it all, and I will tell you the story. I can't bear to see her tortured as she has been this night. Cadet Annie Smith, take your seat."

He said that still without looking at her. With a glance at the brigadier which meant, "How can I help it when this big thing shoulders me away?" she slipped behind the rose-embanked parlor organ and the embowering foliage plants on the stage and was lost to view.

The brigadier sat watching the man with a peculiar expression which no one could have understood had any one thought to observe it, but the stranger so completely filled all eyes and so impressed his masterly personality on the consciousness of all who could see and hear that nothing else could be observed. The stranger resumed:

"I knowed the gambler that played it low down on this brave little Salvation Army lassie that day—knowed him well. He was a big, hulking dog that had skinned tenderfeet all the way between Puget Sound and Lake Michigan. He didn't know what it was to make an honest living. He just sailed through life laughing at everything and skinning tenderfeet.

"He was running a faro game in a Montana joint when somebody left the door open and this little girl drifted in. The fellows wasn't used to the way she went after 'em. She just waded right in and tackled 'em, and them blue eyes she carried in her head looked straight at 'em and through 'em, as much as to say 'I think you'd be a real decent fellow if you'd read the War Cry, quit gambling, quit drinking gin and have respect for good women.' That's what the fellows told me her eyes said to 'em.

"Then the big gambler she started to tell you about comes up and says to her: 'Hello, little Parson Sallie, what do you want?' 'I want to sell you a War Cry,' she says. 'A what?' says he. 'A War Cry,'' says she; and her calm blue eyes looked him through and through. 'A War Cry?' says he; 'What's that?' and he knowed as well as she did what it was.

"After badgering her that way and not making her lose an inch of ground, he told her he'd make a proposition by which she might sell him all the War Crys she had. The poor little thing listened to him, and her eyes got bright, and she asked him what the proposition was. He had her sit down at a card table, and he took three cards—a king and two spot cards—and shuffled 'em on the table so that she could see the king while he was shuffling 'em, and then asked her if she could pick out the king as the three cards lay face down, along side one another on the table. She said of course she could. He says to her, 'Try it.' She done so, and of course she picked out the king.

"He says: 'That's smart, and I didn't think you could do it. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll shuffle the cards, and every time you pick out the king I'll buy two War Crys. Every time you pick out a spot card you are to give me a War Cry for nothing.' She agreed to that.

"The poor child did'nt know that she was gambling—didn't know that she was tackling the notorious Montana Bill in his particular specialty—didn't know that she had run up against the slickest three-card monte thrower in the whole Northwest.

"Well, you know what happened. Bill cleaned the poor child out of every War Cry she had and then laughed at her. I saw her as she sat there, and I saw how she looked when she began to realize that she had lost all her papers and didn't have a cent to show for 'em. I saw how white she got, and how she stared at Bill like he'd run a knife through her body; I saw how she got up and looked around at the laughing men, like a lamb cornered by a pack of wolves; I saw her try hard to keep down the tears, and then she says: 'Men, I will pray to God to lead you all into better lives.' And her voice was so choked up she couldn't say any more. Then she walked out slowly and cried all the way up the street.

The big man paused, for his own voice had become unaccountably thick and had lost much of its rich, deep swing and resonance. But he soon regained his self-possession, and then proceeded:

"Montana Bill was a hard case for sure, but he had a small streak of manhood somewhere under his thick skin. The boys in the joint all thought it was a great joke on the little girl, and they laughed and shouted till they almost cracked the roof. But Bill didn't laugh. He stood silent and glum, with his hands in his pockets, looking out through the door. Then he went out, saying he had a game awaiting for him at Ike's saloon, and he went slouching up the street. The further he got away from the joint the faster he walked, and then he done a sneaking thing—he looked back to see if any of the boys was following him. They wasn't, though, and then he let out them long legs of his for the liveliest walk he ever took in his life.

"He soon caught sight of her, and then he slowed up and followed. She was still crying, and people would stop and wonder what was the matter, and some of 'em laughed. Bill got on to that, and it riled him through and through. He slapped one fellow clean into the middle of the street, and went right on without a word. I heard afterward that several people that he knowed spoke to him, but he didn't see none of 'em, and kept right on.

"The girl went straight to the headquarters of the Salvation Army, and Bill followed her in. She went into a little office, where there didn't happen to be any body else, and sat down and put her head on the table, and cried like her heart was broke. For the first time in his life Montana Bill's nerve broke down. She looked so small and forlorn and miserable that if he hadn't been the man that done her up he'd a gone out and whipped the fellow that did. And when he knowed that he was that identical scoundrel, and that there wasn't anybody big enough and man enough to whip him, he felt just like a thoroughbred dog that had been caught sucking eggs.

"I want to say this for Bill. Bad as he was, he never meant to rob the girl. He was only having fun with her in the saloon, and he meant to give her back the papers, but it was the way she acted in the saloon that made him forget. It was the pity that she showed for him and the little prayer she said that made him lose his head. And that was the first time in his life that Montana Bill ever lost his head.

"And so; when he saw her crying out her heart in the little office, she not knowing that anybody was about, he didn't have the nerve to own up like a man. He just sneaked a $20 gold piece on to the table and tried to steal out like a thief. But she heard him, and saw the money and looked at him like he was a ghost, and sprung ahead of him and stopped him and stood there looking at him with a look he'd never seen in no mortal face in his life.

"'It was God who put it into your heart to follow me and bring that money,' she said to him, 'and as He has done that much, He has done more, and will keep on doing more, until that big manly heart in your body beats altogether for mankind and its Redeemer.'"

The giant paused. His narrative had been so simple and earnest that there were tears in many eyes. Perhaps it was these that sent his self-mastery astray, for when he essayed speech again he failed. Then he looked so foolish and helpless that a suppressed titter ran through the audience, and this made it all the worse for him.

At this juncture the brigadier stepped forth. A half merry, half whimsical expression lighted up his face as he gently pushed the giant into a platform seat facing the audience, and then said:

"And so it was too hard for the poor little girl to be made to tell before all these people what happened to her in the Butte saloon that day, and so a great, strong man, seeing how small and cruelly tortured she was, would come forward as her knight and protector. He would show the strength that lies in the heart of a giant. He——"

But the audience, having already caught the point, and seeing how foolish and childish the giant looked as he sat facing them with tears streaming down his cheeks, burst into great laughter and applause, with a "Hallelujah!" and a "God bless the big man!" now and then.

"This being the case," resumed the brigadier, "we may now proceed to the more interesting business of the evening. Cadet Annie Smith!" he called.

Two sparking blue eyes, shining like stars under the canopy of a quaint blue poke bonnet, emerged from behind the foliage. Two fresh young cheeks as deeply banked with pink and red roses as the organ itself accompanied the eyes, and a trim little girlish figure, which owned the stars and the roses, advanced timidly to the front. A smile and a nod from the brigadier evoked activity in the collapsed muscles of the giant, who sat on the platform like an awkward schoolboy, and he came and stood clumsily beside the girl, and neither looked at the other.

"My friends," said the brigadier, in a very gentle and reverential voice, "it has pleased God to place it in my power to unite in the holy bands of matrimony this night two of the noblest hearts that ever beat in the service of the Saviour. One of these is Cadet Annie Smith, whom many of you know and love. The other is William Chatsworth Harvey, formerly known as Montana Bill, the sleekest three-card monte sharp in the whole Northwest."

Big and Little People.

Miss Ella Ewing, of Boone County, Missouri, who is twenty-four years old, is eight feet two inches tall and weighs 270 pounds. Her shoe measures seventeen inches in length.

In Marshall County, Iowa, was born a tiny, sickly babe, whom no one thought could live, but Jules Rogers has developed into a man of six feet five inches, weighs 352 pounds and can hold his own against anybody.

John H. Robbins, of Belfast, Me., a native of Deer Isle, is doubtless the smallest man in this country. He is thirty-one years old, is thirty-six inches tall, and weighs thirty-seven pounds six ounces.

In Webster, Mass., lives Elsie Bates, the twelve year old daughter of Abel and Sarah Bates. This girl weighs 310 pounds, but is a bright, healthy country lass, fond of rowing and outdoor sports. She walks a mile and a half to school every day, and enjoys it. Her brother, two years older, weighs 200 pounds.

Albert Wetstone, of Eureka, Cal., said to have been the largest man in the world at the time of his decease, a few months ago, weighed 496 pounds. His coffin consumed 100 feet of lumber and weighed 100 pounds, and it was necessary to cut a hole in the side of the house to remove it. His family are still in Europe. The mother weighs 345 pounds, and his two brothers weigh 320 pounds each.

On April 3 last, at Burlington, N. J., the midget, Gladys Force, was born. She weighed one pound twelve ounces, and was only nine inches in length. A teacup would entirely cover her head, and her fingers were only as thick as a rye straw, and so transparent that the bone could be plainly seen. When she was three months old she wore the smallest pair of shoes ever turned out of a factory. She is growing finely, and promises to be a healthy child.

What Becomes of Old Shoes.

A person who believes that everything in this world has its use will be interested to know what becomes of the millions of old shoes which are worn out every year. The many uses to which this mass of frayed leather is put are not easy to ascertain, for manufacturers do not like to acknowledge that they utilize such base material. Most old shoes go back to the vat and emerge as leatherette, which manufacturers of cheap shoes use to fill in the outer sole. The testimony of thousands bears witness to the poor wearing qualities of leatherette. Old rubber shoes are of extensive utility, but the most curious article of which they form ingredients is paint. Rubber is often worked over into more shoes and it is not an impossibility for three generations to wear gum shoes made out of exactly the same material.

Counting the Stars.

The numbering of the heavenly bodies, whether planet, satellite or star of the smallest size, has been commenced at the Paris Observatory by Miss Klumpke, Director of Sciences and Assistant Astronomer, in view of the publication of an international catalogue of the stars. The idea was formed at the Astronomical Congress in 1887, and already 189 photographs have been taken. Some only contain a dozen stars, this being a celestial desert; but others are crowded, even to the number of 1,500. The average number is 335 stars per photograph. Altogether the catalogue is expected to contain about 3,000,000 stars. A census of the heavenly bodies has long been needed. Now a woman comes forward and will count all the stars. She will be some time at it; but when the work is done it will be finished.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.

How the Industry is Conducted on Cape Cod.

A sand hill, a marshy tract, and a running stream, are the three requisites for a cranberry bog. Nowhere are these things jumbled together in greater profusion than on Cape Cod, which in former days supplied the world with sea captains, so that it was truthfully related at one time that in a certain Cape Cop town, an entire street of seventy houses was taken up exclusively by the homes of sea captains. This Cape Cod has, with the decadence of sailing ships, taken upon itself the right to furnish the world with nearly all the cranberries used.

To prepare the soil, sand is spread evenly over the bog to a depth of six inches. In this sand young plants are set out, the roots being forced down through the sand to the loam underneath. The plants are set out in regular rows, about one foot apart.

Three years are required before the plants mature.

Sand is valuable in that it furnishes a smooth surface on which the vines may stretch. The tendrils from each plant lie flat on the sand, and as each plant has dozens of branches, they pile up to a height of about six inches in the matured plants. Such chokes the growth of weeds, but does not interfere with the plants whose roots are in the loam beneath.

The running stream is dammed above and below the bog, and a system of ditches irrigates the bog. In time of frost the bog is usually flooded at night and drained in the morning. This does not hurt the berries, but it accounts for much of the rheumatism on Cape Cod.

Berry picking begins early in September and lasts until either the berries are all picked or a frost has spoiled the crop. Usually the last of October ends the work. As all the boys and girls are needed in the season, the public schools begin the fall session late to accommodate the pickers. Numerous machines have been devised to pluck the berries, but it is claimed that all ruin the vines. Experiments by persons skilled in cranberry picking are now being made, and it is believed that a satisfactory machine will be produced. The champion hand-picker has a record of sixty measures in one day. At the usual rate of payment, he would make six dollars per day.

Chief among the enemies of the cranberry are the angleworm and the fireworm. The angleworm eats his way around a small circle, and then eats within the circle. The fireworm is less considerate, eating in all directions.

Cranberry bogs are good investments, when the sterility of this land is considered. As Joseph Jefferson remarked of his "crow's Nest" property: "Nothing will grow but weeds, and they grow wild."

A bog is worth about $700 per acre. The usual output is 80 to 100 barrels per acre, and the price averages from $7 to $18 per barrel.

Salt marshes can not be used, and the sand must be near the bog to insure profitable working. Fancy names are quite popular, the "Silver Hill Bog" and Herring Pond Bog" being examples.

A French Board and Its Lesson.

In the country districts in France, boards are put up telling what animals and insects should not be killed and the reason, and also which ones should be exterminated in order to afford protection to the farmer. First on the board is this:

"This board is placed under the protection of the common sense and honesty of the public."

And, of course, after that, no boy or man would mar or remove the board. Then follows these instructions:

"Hedgehog lives upon mice, snails and wire worms—animals injurious to agriculture. Don't kill a hedgehog.

"Toad helps agriculture, destroys twenty to thirty insects hourly. Don't kill toads.

"Moles destroys wire worms, larvae and insects injurious to the farmer. No trace of vegetables is ever found in his stomach; does more good than harm. Don't kill moles.

"Cock chafer and its larvae—deadly enemies to farmers: lays 70 to 100 eggs. Kill the cock chafer.

"Birds—Each department of France loses yearly many millions of francs by the injury done by insects. Birds are the only enemy capable of battling with them vigorously; they are great helps to farmers. Children, don't take bird's nests."

And so on the instructions read. Among the animals which need killing on a farm are mice and rats, and the reason they increase, in spite of the constant warfare of cats and dogs, is because the boys on the farm kill the animals that would destroy the pests if they had a chance.

Army Nicknames.

Everybody is familiar with the name of Tommy Atkins, representing the British soldier, but how many know the terms of endearment by which the German soldiers are called? Some of them are applied to the entire regiment, some to an individual corps. The guards are called "Hammel," or "sheep;" the guards call the soldiers of the line "field rats;" the infantry speak of the cavalry as "grooms," and the cavalry return the compliment by bestowing upon the infantry the names of "sand hares," sand carriers" and "clod-hoppers." The Cuirassiers are known as "flour sacks," the pioneers as "moles," the Hussars as "pack-threads," and the artillery as "cow soldiers." The latter are called also "astronomers," and the Engineers "water rats." In these divisions again the corps have names for themselves and their rivals. In the cavalry the Seventh Cuirassiers are the "whitesmiths;" the first Hussars the "death's heads," as their shako bears the emblem, and the Fourth Hussars, from their brown uniforms, are called the "partridges," the only brown in the German army preserved in remembrance of Frederick II., who used all the cloth found in a Capuchin convent for his soldiers. The green uniform with yellow facings has given to the Sixth Hussars the name of "spinach and eggs," and for a similar reason the Tenth Hussars are called "parrots."

In the guards the first regiment of foot are called "tin heads," in poetic allusion to their helmets; the Chasseurs are "green frogs," the First Grenadiers, "potato peelers;" the Hussars, "glow worms," from their red clothes; the Third Uhlans, "dusties," from their dull yellow trimmings, and the Pioneers, "earth worms."

Mud as a Dressing.

Animals when wild constantly die a lingering death from injury to the skin, whether caused, as usually happens in tropical countries, by wounds aggravated by insects, or by cutaneous disease, says the Spectator. Hence the pains which they take in making their toilet, and in the use and selection of "cosmetics." Among birds the salt water species often seek fresh water to wash in; different land birds choose different earths in which to dust, and also wash in water, and nearly every tropical animal, including the tiger, bathes either in water or mud. Perhaps the best known mud bathers are the wild bear, the water buffalo and the elephant. The latter has an inexpensive advantage over all other animals in the use of its trunk for dressing wounds. It is at once a syringe, a powdering puff and a hand.

Water, mud and dust are the main "applications" used, though it sometims covers a sunscorched back with grass or leaves. "Wounded elephants," writes Sir Samuel Baker, "have a marvelous power of recovery. When in their wild state, although they have no gifts of surgical knowledge, their simple system is confined to plastering their wounds with mud or blowing dust upon the surface. Dust and mud comprises the entire pharmacopea of the elephant, and this is applied upon the most trivial as well as upon the most serious occasions. I have seen them, when in a tank, plaster up a bullet wound with mud taken from the bottom."

The Passing of the Mule.

With tearful lamentations and with rude and ribald jests the passing of the horse has been noted in prose and in poetry. The bicycle and the trolley car have sent him to the cannery and he finds himself being used to supply the bovine deficiencies of oxtail soup. The modern Richard III, is not offering his kingdom for a horse. He wants a bicycle.

But in all his lamentation over the hegira of the equine quadruped to the cannery nothing has been said of the passing of the mule. And yet the mule is passing. His melodious bray can be heard in the distance as he passes from human vision. He has been passing along the towpath of the Erie Canal for years. It it hadn't been for this towing mule Garfield might never have become President. His muleship with the elongated auricular appendages is about to be crowded off the towpath which he has wearily and faithfully trod for so many years. Not satisfied with crowding out the horse the deadly trolley is about to supplant the patient and sadeyed mule by establishing itself on the canal boats of the Erie Canal. The State of New York will spend several million dollars in equipping these boats with electric propelling devices, which, it is claimed, are perfectly practicable.

When the State of New York deliberately discards mule power and turns its back upon this plodding servant of mankind the electrical millenium is surely at hand.

A Lake of Boiling Lava.

Mauna Loa, the gigantic Hawaiian volcano, has two craters or openings, one of which, Kilauea, is the largest active volcanic crater in the world. The mountain is 14,100 feet high, and Kilauea is situated on the eastern side, about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. This marvelous crater is really a vast lake of boiling lava which rises and falls continually by the action of subterranean fires. In tossing to and fro like a troubled sea of molten metal the lava is dashed against the cliffs and hardens there in the form of long, glassy filaments, gigantic knobs, miniature trees, and in imitation of grass, leaves, etc. Another form of glassy filaments to be found along the shores of this fiery lake is in the shape of queer bunches and tufts of lava made up of an aggregation of vitreous threads which the natives call "Pele's hair," Pele being the Goddess to whom the mountain is dedicated. These glassy threads appear to be caused by the passage of steam through the molten lava. In so doing small particles in the shape of bubble like balloons are thrown into the air, leaving a tail behind like a comet. When the scene of these miniature steam eruptions is near a rock or the shore all solid and cool surfaces are found covered with bunches of "Pele's hair." This "hair" was formerly used in mystic native ceremonies, and of late years has been gathered in large quantities by curiosity seekers.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Explained--But Did He Eat the Pie--A New Peril--Heartless Cruelty--Etc., Etc.

EXPLAINED.

"Did the jury find the prisoner guilty?" inquired a man concerning a burglar.

"No, sir," responded the policeman. "They didn't find him at all. He got away."

BUT DID HE EAT THE PIE?

"This pie," he said, dyspeptically, "is not at all like the pies they used to give me at home."

"No," she answered in a voice that was very, very gentle. "I take a great deal of pride in my pies."

And then he changed the subject and tried to be a gentleman.

A NEW PERIL.

"Yes," said little Jim to his juvenile friend, "I'm gointer run away from home."

"And fight Indians?"

"I don't know about that. But I'm goin' to get away from whut's comin'. I've had paw's trousers cut down to fit me, an' never found fault. But since maw got a wheel and is wearin' bloomers, I'm taking no more chances."

HEARTLESS CRUELTY.

"I utterly refuse your proposition of marriage! Do I not make myself plain?"

"Nature has forestalled you," he said, getting in his work with deadly effect.

REAL DIFFICULTY.

Mr. Blobbs—It is strange that a strong man like you cannot get work.

The Tramp—Well, yer see, mum, people wants references from me last employer, an' he's been dead for twenty years.

HARD TO SUIT.

"I guess you didn't sell no pants to that man that just went out, did you? That's the hardest feller to suit I most ever see. Him an' me boards at the same place. He wouldn't eat his aigs this mornin' 'cause they was both fried on one side; he wanted one fried on one side an' one on the other. Why wouldn't he take the pants?"

"Stripes all run the same way. Said he wanted 'em to run down one leg and up the other."

THE BUTCHER'S JOKE.

Customer—Can't you wait upon me? I've been here for nearly an hour. Two pounds of liver, please.

Butcher—Sorry, but there're three or four ahead of you. Surely you don't want your liver out of order?

DRAWN BATTLE.

Jazkins—Bloozin and Blazier made a match the other day to see which could clean a carpet first.

Blogzer—How did it result?

Jazkins—Couldn't come to any settlement.

Blogzer—Why not?

Jazkins—Well, you see both of them beat.

A FINE POINT.

"Marry you?" she said, provokingly. "Why, you are nothing but a child!"

"Then I can have you arrested," he said.

"Arrested? For what?"

"For cruelty to children," he said, and she collapsed.

CAUTIOUS CAMPAIGNING.

"What principles are you going to advocate in the next town," asked the campaigner's private secretary.

"I dunno. You get the next train there, and find out what their views are."

HER REPLY.

"What would you do, Miss, if I should attempt to give you a kiss?"

"I should certainly set my face against it, sir."

BEST HE COULD DO.

"Do you guarantee the photographs to give satisfaction?" demanded the cross-eyed man with the pug nose and prominent jaw.

"Well, no," said the conscientious photographer, "but I can guarantee a good likeness."

BOTH IN THE SAME BOX.

"I thought I was bright enough not to be taken in again like that," said the new silver dollar as it dropped into the cash drawer.

"Well, I'm older than you are," said the dilapidated ten dollar bill, "and I've got ten times as much cents, yet I get taken in that way myself."

WINKERS SUCCEEDED.

Binkers—Has Winkers succeeded in teaching his daughter to ride her new bicycle yet?

Minkers—Yes, she is out riding now

Binkers—Is Winkers with her?

Binkers—No, he's in a hospital.

FALL OPENING.

Mrs. Bloozin—Have you been to any of the fall openings, my dear.

Mrs. Buzbuz—Not exactly, but I tumbled into a coal hole the other day.

A MATTER OF MUSIC.

A Third street man's neighbor had bought a new piano, and the daughter had been banging away on it ever since it had been in the house.

"Got a new piano, I hear," said the man over the back fence to his neighbor.

"Yes. Got it on the instalment plan."

"Is that so? Wonder if your daughter can't let us have the music from it in the same way."

THE PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

The peacock's train is not the bird's tail, but a coronal of feathers above the tail. The true tail consists of eighteen feathers beneath the coronal. The latter is provided with a curious system of muscles by which it can be erected at will.

NOT A PHENOMENON.

"You see the gentleman who is walking yonder? His hair turned perfectly white in the course of a single month."

"A lot of trouble and anxiety, eh?"

"No, he gave up dyeing."

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. Oct. 24.

THE NEW RACKET

No. 9-11 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

After reading all advertisements, it is no wonder if U could hardly make up your mind, as to the best place to do your shopping in Bellefonte. But if before buying U make it a point to drop in at The New Racket, U will have no trouble to decide, A glance will convince U that U are in a modern store, differing in many important particulars from any store in Centre Co. As to prices, we set the pace, and if any store in the town matches 'em, its all they care to do. Remember advertised prices are not always low. An article said to be reduced from 69 to 39c, may be 25 or 35c value.

Our Fall and Winter Stock is now complete and 6400 feet of Floor Space at your service.

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.
Bellefonte, Pa.

$10 GOLD

Silver or Greenbacks,

Will buy more goods at our store for the next sixty days than anywhere else.

WHY? Because we are **LEAVING TOWN**, the 1st of the year, and the goods must be disposed of by that time.

Don't Wait

Until the best things are picked out, but

COME AT ONCE

This is a genuine CLOSING-OUT SALE of Dry Goods, Underwear, Hosiery, Yarns, Fancy Goods, etc.

W. T. MEYER,

Bush Arcade.
Two doors from postoffice. **Bellefonte.**

COUNTY NEWS

Clipped and Condensed for Busy Readers.

Capt. Hunter, of Stormstown, has a turtle recently found, marked, S. T. S. 1842. Pretty old chap.

The Gentzel hunting party of Spring twp., left last week for their annual hunt in the Green woods.

Ellie Kerstetter, one of Pleasant Gap's esteemed young ladies, has left for Philadelphia, to make it her future home.

George Noll, of Pleasant Gap, had his collar bone broken a few days ago by being thrown from a horse.

A protracted meeting is in progress at the Pleasant Gap Luth. church.

At Martha Furnace Curtin McDonald buried two children of 11 and 5 years, deaths caused by diptheria.

Wedded at Eighty and Sixty-Six.

Mr. George Barrett, of Patchinville, Clearfield county, and Mrs. Edmund Page, were recently united in marriage. The groom has passed his fourscore and is connected with a number of wealthy families, being the father of Mrs. Aaron Patchin, of Patchinville, and Mrs. Porter Kinports, of Cherrytree. The bride is sixty-six and is well known in Indiana, being the widow of Edmund Page, who for years filled the office of county surveyor.

Brief Local Dots.

Whew! but didn't the dust fly some days and nights last week, under the high winds. It went thro the finest crevices of buildings settling on furniture and other articles.

Any of our subscribers wishing to furnish us with nice beef on subscription account this fall, can do so by giving us timely notice.

First Wild Turkey.

Charles Arney, one of our Nimrods, has the belt for killing the first wild turkey this fall. It was shot on Friday along the mountain below this town, and was a big gobbler, can't say how big, anyhow it was big. Wild turkeys are said to be plenty, we suppose because Thanksgiving is so near.

Struck Us.

The icy blast that brot a foot of snow to Erie and all along the northern border, struck Centre county but didn't have the snow in it, save a few straggling flakes.

—Buy your winter clothing at Lewins, Bellefonte. He has everything and below competition.

——Subscribe for the REPORTER.

STRING OF MISFORTUNES.

John McCoy's Hand Mutilated by a Husker—Three Accidents in Three Weeks.

On Wednesday morning the venerable John McCoy, of Potter's Mills met a misfortune that will leave him a crippled hand, in having his right hand caught in a corn husker, tearing off the first joints of the thumb and two first fingers, and crushing the last two fingers of the hand.

The accident was similar to the one that befell his son Alex., last week. The husker was being operated on the farm. Mr. McCoy was working at the back part of the machine. A corn husk was sticking between the rolls, and would not pass through. Mr. McCoy reached into the machine to remove the husk, and the rolls caught the mitten on his hand, drawing it into the rolls. By a tremendous jerk he succeeded in pulling his hand out. The thumb and first and second fingers had been torn off at the first joint, and passed through the machine, while the flesh had been stripped from the third finger to the bone, and the little finger badly crushed and lacerated. Dr. VanValzah, of Spring Mills, was called and dressed the injured hand. The fingers were amputated at the joint, and the venerable gentleman withstood the treatment without the use of chloroform. He is doing as well as can be expected under the circumstances.

This is the third accident in this family within three weeks. First, Alexander, the son of the above, had a hand caught by the same husker, causing a loss of two fingers. About a week later a son of Alexander fell from a wagon, and striking a pitch-fork, one of the prongs went clean thro the fleshy part of his thigh. Really, misfortunes do not come singly.

Painful Misshap.

On Wednesday of last week, Samuel, son of Alexander McCoy, of Potters Mills, met with a painful accident, as we are informed by Dr. McGehon. It appears that while in the field hauling fodder, he accidentally fell from the wagon and struck against a pitchfork, one of the prongs entering the upper thigh behind and protruded from the front of the limb having gone thro the heavy part of the leg, causing a painful wound. This happened within a week after the young man's father had the misfortune to have his one hand badly lacerated in being caught by a husking machine, thus father and son are disabled for the fall work on the farm.

Kicked by a Horse.

On Saturday evening a hack load of Odd Fellows of the Centre Hall lodge started for Boalsburg to attend installation of officers of that neighboring lodge. In going down the Fort hill near this place, the neck yoke slipped back on the tongue allowing the wagon to strike the horses. The horses began to kick, and one sent his hoofs through the dash, smashing it, and the next kick struck Will McClenahan, the driver, on the leg. Billy was badly hurt and bruised, and was taken home. He now walks with a good nice big limp.

Escaped from the Asylum.

John Mallory, of this county, who has been undergoing treatment in the hospital at Harrisburg for strange hallucinations, made his escape from that institution a few nights ago and walked the entire distance from Harrisburg to his former home at Rebersburg. He covered the distance of over 100 miles over mountains and valleys in less than two days' time and without eating or resting. Mallory now seems to be in his right mind. He refuses to state how he made his escape.

Fine Apples.

We are indebted to our friend Joshua Potter for a basket of fine, large apples, beauties such as one rarely sees, and they are a sample of Joshua's this season's crop, of which he has one hundred bushels for sale, all of choice varieties too, the lot brot us consisted of five varieties, and we know finer fruit can not be shown up in the county. Thanks, friend Potter.

Communion Services.

Next Sabbath morning Rev. Eisenberg will administer the Lord's supper in the church here; preparatory services Saturday afternoon previous.

On Sunday forenoon, Nov. 3, Rev. Rearick will administer the Lord's supper in the Lutheran church, of this place; preparatory services Saturday afternoon previous.

Struck Rich Ore.

Centre county's wealth has not yet been all told. While drilling for water at the old Lamborn ore bank on the Bellefonte Central railroad a few days ago, a vein of excellent ore was found about 200 feet beneath the surface.

Guarantee in Itself.

As the mason-work of the new Ref. church progresses, under the eye of contractor John Noll, it gives evidence of the handsome edifice it is to be.

—Clearance Sale.
One Price.
Cash.
MONTGOMERY & Co.,
Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

A Number of Cases Up for Trial Continued.—Suits Tried.

Wednesday afternoon court called at two o'clock with the case of Hugh Ward jr. vs J. T. Lucas still on trial till 3.15 when the testimony in this case closed and the case of Patrick Ward jr. vs J. T. Lucas taken up and being submitted to the same jury as this jury will decide both cases. The last mentioned case is similar to the case of Hugh Ward vs. Lucas. The jury went out on Friday morning at ten o'clock and they returned the following verdicts at 4.30 on Friday evening. In the case of Hugh Ward vs. J. T. Lucas, verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $2195.43, and in the case of Patrick Ward vs. J. T. Lucas verdict in favor of the plaintiff for $617.25.

Thomas A Shoemaker administrator of etc., of Philip Collins, vs. Central Railroad Co., of Pa.; plea trespass. This case is for damages to the farm of Mr. Collins in Spring township by the railroad going through his farm; verdict on Saturday evening in favor of the plaintiff for $1000.

W. E. Gheen vs. the borough of Bellefonte; plea trespass; settled.

Catharine Reager vs. Beech Creek R. R. and New York Central and Hudson River R. R. Co.; plea trespass; continued under terms of settlement and not to be put on the list again without leave of court.

George N. Hill vs. John W. Cook and S. M. Bauck, trading as Cato Mining Co; discontinued.

Henry Croskey vs. John W. Cook and S. M. Buck, trading as Cato Mining Co.; discontinued.

Samuel T. Gray vs. Bellefonte Contral R. R. Co.; continued.

The Beech Valley Coal & Iron Co. vs. Wm Resides, Wm. E. Gheen, J. A. Seligman, S. G. Seligman, A. A. Walker, W. F. Powell, Jacob Tome, and Potter Walker; continued.

Edward Clifford Perkins and Thomas P. Fowler, trustees of the American Estates Association vs. John G. Love, Jacob Tome, George Seligman, Joseph Seligman, Wm. Gheen, Wm. Resides, Wm. F. Powell, and Wm. Fenas, continued.

The Lehigh Valley Coal Co. vs. the Clearfield Bituminous Coal Corporation, the Moshannon Lumber Co., M. H. Boyer, M. P. Bock, George W. Boyer and Robert A. Shillingford; continued.

The Stolen Horse Recovered.

About ten days ago a horse was stolen from William Tressler, of near Filmore, this county, and search was instituted, without avail. But the horse has been recovered. J. T. James, of Eagleville, had traded the stolen horse on Tuesday, 15, and afterwards found out the animal he got was a stolen one. Learning that his new horse belonged to Mr. Tressler, Mr. James at once returned it to the owner. The man he traded from gave his name as Brumgard, and at Tresslers he said his name was Showers. The thief went in the direction of Lock Haven.

Nobody ever heard of a Brumgart stealing a horse, they don't have that kind of blood in them.

Punished for Hazing.

At State College, last Tuesday evening a crowd of freshmen hazed another freshman about to leave for his home. A member of the faculty reported the matter and six stndents have been suspended for periods ranging from six months to total expulsion. At a mass meeting it was decided to institute a form of student government. A committee of three seniors and one man from each of the lower classes was elected to co-operate with the faculty in the adjustment of matters pertaining to the students.

Fire at Pleasant Gap.

About six o'clock Friday morning fire broke out in the residence of Kurt Taylor at Pleasant Gap. The house was burned to the ground, but the furniture and everything of value was saved from the flames. The fire commenced in the ceiling near the flue in the kitchen and before much could be done to check the flames the house was in ruins. The loss is about $300.

Game at Williamsport.

Next Saturday the State College and Lewisburg foot ball teams will meet on the field at Williamsport and scrap for first place. This game is for blood, great rivalry existing between the two institutions, and much interest is taken in the sport. A number from this place expect to go to Williamsport on Saturday.

Another Warning.

John O. Boyle, of Pottsville, who stumbled over a loose board at Mahonoy City and was injured, was awarded $4,000 damages against the boro.

Let this serve as another warning against defective walks.

Last Two Days.

Next Tuesday and Thursday, 29th and 31st, will be the last two days that Shook's cider press will be run this season. After those dates the press will be closed down.

—Clearance Sale.
One Price.
Cash.
MONTGOMERY & Co.
Merchant Tailors, Bellefonte.

DIED NEAR BELLEFONTE.

Ex-Sheriff P. B. Waddle Died on Sunday at His Home.

Philip Benner Waddle, the oldest Mason in the Bellefonte Lodge, and a well-known farmer of the Buffalo Run Valley, died at his home about nine miles from Bellefonte, Sunday. He was the last surviving grandchild of the General Philip Benner, of Revolutionary fame. Mr. Waddle was 86 years of age, and lived in Centre county all his life, he having been sheriff of Centre county in its early days.

Four daughters and three sons are left to mourn his death. They are Amelia, who lives at Hicksville, Ohio, Elizabeth, living at Pittsburg, Mrs. Z. B. Gray, of Tyrone, Mrs. D. L. Meek, who lives on the old homestead, and James P., W. W., and Philip D., living at Bellefonte.

Mr. Waddle had been ailing for several months but was able to be around the house until about three weeks ago, when he was compelled to take to his bed. Since then he had been sinking slowly, although at times he seemed better. On Sunday his condition was thought to be better than at any other time for several weeks but during last week he became worse, and on Sunday he passed into the great beyond.

We knew Mr. Waddle well in the days when he was sheriff. He was a good official and had many friends.

No Need of Being Scared.

The water supply of Centre Hall is lower now than it has been for years back. The long continued drouth has greatly reduced the supply of the springs, but with all there is still plenty of water and our town will not suffer from the scarcity. The springs are supplying over 50,000 gallons daily, which is far more than the town needs were moderation exercised in the use of water. No rain has fallen for months to raise the supply, but as long as the supply continues as it does now there is no need of a scare. On Sunday last there was but one foot of water in the upper reservoir and none in the lower. By careful management, through which the town did not suffer nearly seven feet has been gathered in the upper reservoir. This will be increased and the upper reservoir will be kept as near full as possible, providing against fire or other emergency. The water is cut off during the night and put on again in the morning. There is plenty of water would it be used even moderately. It has been estimated that the town used nearly one thousand gallons daily for each family. This is a willful waste, and should be provided against. As soon as men can be obtained the supply will be further increased by additional springs being turned in.

Opposed to a Strike.

There is outspoken opposition to the proposed strike on the part of a great many of the miners in this section, and it is very doubtful if they can be induced to come out. They say they are wholly unprepared to strike, and cannot see that anything would be gained by so doing, in fact they realize that it would be very disastrous to come out at this time. Some, of course, are favorable to the strike, and just what the outcome will be remains to be seen. We sincerely hope for the good of all concerned that it may be averted.—Philipsburg *Journal*.

Big Trees from Little Acorns Grow.

A case was tried in the Clearfield County Courts two weeks ago, which shows how a small matter can be carried to extremes. A man was arrested and indicted for stealing a rutabaga turnip, valued at six cents. The trial cost the county $200. There have been any number of trifling cases in Centre county, and in all other counties, which should never be allowed to go to court, nor further than a trial before a justice.

Even the Judge Became Confused.

The jury in the case of Collins Brothers versus the Central Railroad of Pennsylvania brought in a verdict for $1,000 damages for the plaintiff in a suit over the value of some right of way. A unique feature of the suit was the fact that Judge Barker, of Cambria, was so puzzled by the conflicting statements of witnesses that he adjourned the court temporarily, and, taking the jury with him, went out and examined the property.

Death of a Soldier.

On Thursday, 10, Henry Grimm of Gregg township died aged 76 years, 8 months and 2 days. He served in the war of the rebellion. He was buried in the mountain church graveyard. A widow and three adult children survive the veteran.

Flight Over this Section.

The snow storm that visited the lake region so unexpectedly a few days ago, made the wild geese think winter was on and they took their flight southward. Flocks of them were seen and heard passing over this section on their journey south.

—A new overcoat will be needed for this cold weather, you will want to keep warm, and that can easily be done by making your purchases at Lewins, Bellefonte. He has everything in the clothing line.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Attorney Riddle, a Native of Centre Co. Dies at Tyrone.

James F. Riddle, an attorney, died suddenly at Tyrone, was found dead in bed at 12 o'clock on Monday, at his home in Tyrone. He was born near Bellefonte in 1835, graduated at Dickinson seminary and practiced several years at the Bellefonte bar. He was a gentleman of correct habits, a bachelor, his two sisters keeping house for him. His death was likely caused by kidney trouble from which he was a sufferer. Two brothers, Rev. F. B. Riddle, pastor of the M. E. church, Renova, and Nelson P., of Howard, survive him. By frugal habits he acquired considerable property.

While in this county he was an active Republican and a stump-speaker; in later years he became an earnest Democrat. He never sought office. Many of the "Reporter" readers will remember the deceased.

Mifflin County Deaths.

At the almshouse, Oct. 10, Estie Michel, aged 5 years.

At Mattawana, Oct. 6, suddenly, Wm. Dearing, aged 61 years.

In Menno, Oct. 12, wife of David Zook, aged 72 years.

In Wayne tp., Oct. 9, Jas. H. Rothrock, aged 35 years.

In Milroy, Sep. 30, Willie, infant of Isaac Shawver, aged 1 year.

In Lewistown, Oct. 8, widow of Joseph Woods, aged near 76 years.

Apples Plenty.

Apples are more plenty in this section than looked for earlier in the season and are dropping some in price. Some farmers have over 100 bushels of winter apples on hand yet and are willing to sell.

A Visit not Relished.

One day last week while Mr. John Geary and his family were out husking corn, near Linden Hall, some good friend visited their summer house and relieved it of one pound of coffee, six pounds of sugar, and other articles.

Be on the Watch.

A number of Bellefonte houses were burglarized recently. People in town and country should be on the watch and prepared, and make their houses secure.

—The cold weather coming on will require heavier and thicker clothing, as protection against the wintry blasts. Lewins, Bellefonte, has a full new line, and the prices are lower than any in the county. He has never been undersold.

Notwithstanding the enormous advance in hides, and consequent rise in leather and shoes, we are selling all our goods at old prices. : : : : :

WE anticipated the advance, and filled our store room and basement with staple footwear, which cannot now be bought for less than 20 per cent. advance. - -

THEY go at the old price while they last, which in many cases is less than we can buy them for. - - -

Mingle's Shoe Store.

Bellefonte.

It's Blanket Weather.

The sharp air between night and morning tells you that a wooly, warm blanket wouldn't be amiss. We've a stock of several hundred in which there isn't a stitch amiss, and the price is just at that point where economy and quality meet.
GARMANS.

We are Trying to better This Business.

By giving you better goods, better service, better everything that ought to go in a first-class establishment. Perhaps you are not yet acquainted with this better way of selling Dry Goods. Isn't it something to come where the same measure of attention goes, whether you buy a package of pins or a silk dress?
GARMANS.

We Are Opening the New Goods.

For that matter, we are always opening new goods; but these are the season's biggest purchases and include all those pretty novelties that you are so eager to see. We are ready now to show them. Buy or don't buy, just as you chose—either way, we won't be offended.
GARMANS.

Why We Sell The best Gloves.

You can well judge a dry goods store by the gloves it sells. Poor gloves, poor store, and vice versa. We started to make the best dry goods store you ever knew, and part of it was selling the right gloves—Try them.
GARMANS.

THE GLOBE.

DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY

Fastest Growing Store in Central Pennsylvania.

Six months of the greatest bargain giving that Bellefonte has ever known, has given us that reputation. That we will maintain this position goes without saying. Dry goods may rise in price, but THE GLOBE's customers will never know it.

Our orders were placed too long ago for that, and now as ever, no other house can compete with us in low prices.

Dress Goods.

Our counters voice the art and skill of many looms. The public's appreciation of our efforts to give them the latest and the best, at popular prices, is forcibly illustrated by the many packages that daily leave our store.

——o

Notions.

We have every small article so necessary in a household that is in daily and hourly request.

An inspection of our notion counters will give you an agreeable surprise.

——o

Table Linens.

And Housekeeping articles you can find everything from the cheapest quality to the very finest.

All sold at popular prices.

——o

Flannels and Blankets.

We have the finest line in Centre county. All colors and qualities.

Our cheapest Blankets are 59c a pair, and our best are $12 a pair.

——o

Cloaks and Wraps.

We have the only well assorted stock in town. No one will think twice about buying a coat elsewhere after seeing our assortment and learning our prices.

——o

Millinery.

It is useless to say anything about this department. Our immense Millinery business compelling us to employ more help than all other milliners combined, is a sufficient indication of the popularity of this branch of our business.

We guarantee to make you a more stylish hat, at one-half the prices you were formerly compelled to pay.

We make no charge for trimming Hats.

MAKERS OF LOW PRICES AND TERRORS TO ALL COMPETITORS.

KATZ & CO.,

LIMITED.

Bellefonte, - Pa.